

# ARTHUR'S Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1867.

## THE CANTOR'S DAUGHTER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ELISE POLKO.

BY AUBER FORESTIER.

In the year of our Lord 1518 there lived in Leipzig, in one of those modest houses separated from the cloister-schools of St. Thomas by the Thomas gate, the learned musician, Cantor Georg Rhaw. He was at that time not one of the youngest of men, but he was strong and vigorous, and as he walked through the streets of his native city, his head erect in the air, one would hardly have believed him to be in his fortieth year. The face was but slightly furrowed with the lines of care, and the eyes were so mild and earnest, so proud and joyous in their expression, that one would imagine him to be the recipient of some lofty gift of grace. Such, indeed, was the case, for with his whole body and soul, thought and mind, he had dedicated himself to the service of the holy St. Cecilia as a true and loyal vassal; and when he had completed his first work, a pure, lofty "Salve Regina" to her praise, she had dubbed him her trusty knight. To whom such honors are awarded is the pilgrim's path upon earth never hard to wander through, for the thorns that tear his feet are unnoticed by him, he sees only the roses that bloom by the wayside, and every year of his life is but as a step towards Heaven, where the beloved Saint, reigning in her full glory, calls her faithful ones to her side amidst the resounding music of the spheres. Music was so completely the life-happiness of Cantor Georg Rhaw, that those who did not know him intimately, believed that nothing could move or rejoice him besides the organ. The spinet in his little chamber, and his composition paper. But this was not so. Georg Rhaw had indeed given his soul to the eternal service of the glorious "Musica," yet his heart and eyes also hung lovingly upon the golden-haired Maria, his only daughter, a maiden of seventeen. Not many people, to be sure, knew of the treasure the tiny walls of the Cantor's dwelling enclosed, for in those days a modest little damsel went abroad but little except to church, so the pretty Maria knew no other way but that across the churchyard of St. Thomas, the street leading over to Cousin Herrgott's, and the strip of ground in front of the house which she promenaded at twilight on Sundays with her father. This maiden had been born to Cantor Rhaw after a childless wedlock of several years, and before she had reached her tenth year, his faithful, loving wife died. When the patient, gentle "hausfrau" lay in her coffin, there was indeed mourning in the house of the Cantor, and Georg Rhaw could scarce write out the "Requiem" that rang in his ears, and that the choristers afterwards sang so beautifully over the grave of the deceased. The little daughter wept with him awhile, but the tears of childhood dry sooner than dew-drops in the sun, and so Maria soon learned to laugh, sing and play again as before, thus gradually healing with the sunshine of her presence the father's bleeding heart. No mourner could remain ever sad with her for a

(13)

companion. Therefore, the solitary father never let her from his side—only when he taught the pupils of the cloister, or walked out with them or had them sing at the graves. When he worked at home, he always opened wide the window, and drew the oaken table in front of it, that he might see her bright hair as it was blown about by the wind out there beneath the trees where she played, and hear her silver voice as she sang blithesome melodies, or prattled to herself or her cat. Such sweet noise never disturbed the learned musician, whose composure could at other times be mightily shaken by the rolling of carriage wheels, the barking of a dog, or the twittering of a bird. Let Maria but laugh or sing, though, and the *Cantus firmus* flowed as smoothly again from his pen, whilst at sound of her singing there entwined themselves about the chief melody upon the Cantor's music paper the most artistic adornments, a *Cantus figuratus* as it were, like dainty flower-wreaths about a golden staff.

When the twilight hour came, the little one always crept up on her father's knee, and then he would tell her such wondrously lovely stories about the saints in Heaven. In especial, he talked with her about the blessed Mother of Grace, who calls pious maidens to dwell with her in eternal glory and wait upon the Divine Child, whilst the vain or idle ones she sends habited in old gray cowls to sweep the halls of Heaven, to trim the lamps of the stars, and to catch the wind. This last task, however, did not seem such great punishment to little Maria; she even thought to herself that it would be good fun. Very soon she knew by heart the names of many saints and martyrs, and could repeat the touching stories of their sufferings and glorifications as faithfully as a sacristan. This caused the Cantor great delight, for the holy religion was to him what the sun is to ordinary mortals, the light and consolation of his life. But it made him no less proud and happy that Maria gave unmistakable signs of rapture when he played for her some pure melody upon the spinet, or when she heard the choristers sing in the church. Later, when Maria grew older, and her father began to give her voice artistic training, she learned to sing psalms and spiritual songs so sweetly that the Cantor believed in his heart the angels of Heaven must surely come down part way to earth to be nearer such melodious strains. And the little singer herself was worthy to be seen by such angels, too, so pure was the fresh young face with its blue eyes, that peeped forth from the framework of golden tresses clustering over temple and cheek. When she stepped along to church in her simple brown frock and tight-fitting little black cap, her gaze modestly fixed upon the ground, there were many who in watching her entirely forgot to look at the dreary wives and daughters of the rich councilmen and merchants who swept past the Cantor's little daughter in their silk or cloth dresses, whose pocket-bags were of genuine Utrecht velvet, embroidered with real gold bullion, and whose dainty caps were edged with costly lace.

To the cousin in "Burgstrasse" Maria went nearly every day, but only of hours when the Cantor was not at home. There was a dear little bow-window in the cousin's house, and there the little one used to sit and never weary of looking out through the rosemary bushes at the passers-by. The cousin aided her faithfully in this, and they chatted about this one and that, saying sometimes good things about them, and sometimes things of a less kindly nature, just as from time immemorial down to the present day it has been the wont of women and girls, of all ranks of life, who sit at front windows. On Sundays, especially, it was so nice; for then Maria could sit all afternoon by the bow-window, that being the time the good Cantor usually walked out into the country with his choristers, and did not return until evening, when he stopped for his child on his way home. Then Cousin Herrgott could tell her all manner of things; for she was fully posted upon the history of every child of Leipsic who passed her window; had she not lived sixty years in Leipsic herself, and was she not born and raised in the "Burgstrasse"? Her husband she had seen pass away when her only boy was but one year old. Many other sorrows, want and sickness, too, had knocked at her door; but years had rolled by, and after tribulation came finally joy. The wild boy grew finely, and became pupil of the cloister-school of St. Thomas. After completing the school course, Johann Herrgott entered the University of Wittenberg, and upon his return home, his mother determined to persuade him to become a printer, like his blessed father before him; for in those days this was a very profitable trade. She hoped, too, that he would come back rather more considerate than when he went away; for when he was a pupil at St. Thomas, there was no end to the fuss and noise he made in his mother's house when he came home from school. With little Maria he was especially provoking. She was gentler with him than with any other mortal, only when, in spite of all her coaxing, he would not have

done with his silly pranks, she would push him away from her and cry bitterly. To be sure, he had but to pull her hands from her face, look into it with his black eyes, and say laughingly, "You are not angry with me in your heart, little Maria?" to make her smile through her tears, and then there would be nothing but sunshine between the two. After this she could not be angry with him. The cousin scolded the little one for always letting the boy have his way; but she did not do one whit better with him herself, and at heart she thought all the more of Maria for it, and she knew no better pleasure than to talk with the girl, smooth and braid her beautiful hair, or give her some little bit of finery, or even a pot of rosemary or yellow violets to carry home with her.

And so the years had stolen by, and there came the hour when young Johann must say farewell and set out for Wittenberg. As he stood talking with the Cantor, it occurred to Maria for the first time that he was now no longer a boy; and even Georg Rhaw looked with eyes of wonder upon the slender youth in his short cloak and puffed waistcoat; he looked so different from what he did in the school-room of St. Thomas. Laughter seemed quite

foreign to-day to the usually merry youth, and he stood twisting his little black hat, growing flushed and pale by turns. There was not much talking done, until at last the Cantor said—"So, then, start upon your journey, and may you, in the name of the saints, come back whole in body and soul; for these are evil times, and the air is full of danger!"

"Pray for me, then, to the saints," said Johann, and held out his hand to golden-haired Maria. Then the little one burst into tears, and threw her arms about her playfellow's neck. Upon this he kissed her right ardently on her golden hair, upon her childish brow and mouth, and at last lingeringly gave her up, said the good-by once more, and went his way.

Maria wept all evening long for Johann, and even at night in her dreams she sobbed bitterly. But as a balm for heavily laden hearts, time does not stand still, and upon the steps of grief and sorrow comes ever sunshine and joy. So it was here. Anno 1515, the student journeyed away to Wittenberg, and Anno 1517 he bent his steps homeward again. During this long time only now and then had a messenger brought greetings from the Wittenberg student. A college-mate carried tidings from him, or a strolling player or home-returning summoner. These always caused great jubilees, but the

greatest of all was when the mother held her son fast in her arms once more. How searchingly she fastened upon him her dim eyes, to see if he looked fresh and hearty, and how she drew him again and again to the window to look at him in the full light! Without ceasing, she kissed him, and caressingly stroked his hair with her trembling hands. First in the evening did she let him free that he might go over to the little house near the Thomas Gate; and surely she would have gone with him herself, so as not to lose sight of him a moment, had not a lame foot, which had troubled her for several months, kept her prisoner. And now when Johann entered the Cantor's study, and with a deeply-moved voice asked—"Do you know me?" Georg Rhaw raised his lamp to have a clear view; but before the full light fell upon the young face, Maria cried out—"It is Johann himself!" Innocent delight beamed from her blue eyes, and her cheeks bloomed like fresh roses at the discovery.

"You are indeed right, my little daughter," said the Cantor, smiling as he offered his hand to the home-returned wanderer, saying besides, "You are welcome home; and now sit down and talk with us awhile."

The Wittenberg student did not wait for a second invitation, but seated himself at the table and drank of the wine the lovely young girl set before him. His eyes, however, never wandered from this same young girl's face, and he thought it must be all a dream, for he had not expected to find that there had already unfolded a flower of such splendor from the tender bud of the shy child; it seemed to him, indeed, as though he had never seen a form of more grace and beauty.

She, on the other hand, could not trust herself to look full at him; only now and then she would steal a glance from beneath her long lashes at the firmly moulded countenance, with its bronzed cheeks and flashing eyes, and the rich hair that curled in dark masses over the shoulders, and the little mustache that he twirled so daintily as he sat thinking. It is true it was no longer the playmate of the old times; a strange, gloomy expression hovered upon the brow; and yet in her heart she felt as ready to do his bidding as in the days when he used to say to her so often—"Do as I tell you right away, Maria, or else I wont speak a pleasant word to you again." When she took wine with him after the old fashion, her cheeks burned like fire, for she felt how his ardent gaze was bent upon her like the sunbeams of an August day upon the flowers.

Soon the conversation turned upon serious matters, and then Johann ceased to gaze, and even Maria's eyes hung only upon the anxious face of her father. They had fallen upon sorrowful times—times when all believers felt as though the very earth was tottering beneath their feet. Neither the evil years of famine, nor the destructive pestilence, had pressed so heavily upon pious hearts, for all the people of the land, the citizens of the Linden city as well, had to accustom themselves to these mournful visitations, and had looked upon them as just chastisements of Divine Providence for their sins. The fearful excitement which now vibrated throughout the whole land, though, was something never before experienced, and concerned the holy church. To be sure, for years all manner of strange and troublous things had occurred in her bosom; the foolish indulgence sales by Tetzel had wounded the souls of all good Catholic Christians, and both in private and in public there had arisen much opposition to his teachings. But what did these strifes signify in comparison with the teachings of the Augustine Monk, Martin Luther, at Erfurt? The words which he sent out to the terrified world, and had at last given the Wittenberg castle chapel in the celebrated ninety-five propositions, were like a terrible thunder rumbling over the heads of all, bringing with it horror and alarm; for all now expected a lightning stroke, which would cause the holy mother church, whose foundations were already beginning to give way, to fall to ruin. And the worst feature of the case was that amongst the hearts of the students both at Leipsic and Wittenberg more than one had kindled into flames for the new doctrines of Martin Luther, so that the followers of this bold man secretly increased from day to day, and grew in power like an avalanche which is at first composed of but a few handfuls of snow, but which increases in colossal proportions as it rolls, and in the end covers whole plains, villages and forests. Duke George had therefore forbidden his subjects on pain of severe penalty, to visit the University of Wittenberg, because the said Martin Luther taught and preached there, as licentiate and Doctor of Theology. His presence must surely be the seat of all evil, thought His Royal Highness, wherefore the mandate was sent forth that those who still tarried at Wittenberg must return home without delay. For this reason had Johann Herrgott also come back. Cantor Rhaw wondered greatly to see him so fresh and vigorous before his eyes, for the good man believed in all faith that whoever had seen Martin Lu-

ther face to face, must be sick and languishing in body and soul. Very earnestly, though, he laid his hand upon the youth's shoulder as he said slowly and solemnly, looking searchingly into his eyes the while—"You have come home sound in bodily health, blessed be the Saints, but how is it with your immortal welfare? Has the poison ejected by the Augustine monk of Erfurt passed you by unharmed, Johann Herrgott?"

Then Johann grew pale, and a dark fire shot from his eyes. For awhile he looked fixedly at the flickering flames of the lamp without making any reply; at last he said in a hollow voice—"There is many a poisonous weed that has secret healing properties; it is only needed to examine and prove it aright!"

At these words, Cantor Georg Rhaw started back as if stung by a venomous snake, and Maria shrieked aloud with terror; for never had she seen her father's countenance so entirely transformed. He shook his upraised hand towards the student, and cried—"Woe! woe! he has tainted your soul! You have not come back as you went away! But we, the friends of your father, still live, and will stretch out our arms to help you, and the souls of the pious dead will intercede for you. May the blessed Maria, Mother of Grace, aid us in healing you thoroughly!"

"And may the earthly Maria unite with her, and help me, a poor sinner," said Johann, and smiled as he gazed upon the maiden. Then he turned to the Cantor, and said—"Compose yourself, Georg Rhaw; as yet you need not number me amongst those wholly lost to the church. Should I ever come to you, though, and cry, 'Save me!' forget not what you have this night sworn to me. And now you must allow me to wish you good-night, for it is late, and mother would not willingly take supper without me this first night."

The Cantor arose without a word, and took up the lamp to light the departing guest to the door, the others silently pressed each other's hand. Georg Rhaw watched the two children in earnest thought, and a ray of light dawned upon his soul. The surging waves of his sorrow were calmed, the anxiety he had felt fell from him—a means of deliverance was shown unto him. Yes, the heavenly and the earthly Maria should unite to snatch this erring soul from the clutches of the evil one, and lead it back to the saints of Heaven.

From this hour forth, Johann Herrgott was to be found almost daily in the house of the



Cantor Georg Rhaw, particularly at twilight, when Maria did not come to his mother's house, though if she did come, it was he who now constantly waited on her home. The conversation did not again turn upon that heavy, sorrowful topic which the two men had talked of that first night, and Johann seemed well-pleased at this. Perhaps he no longer thought of the University of Wittenberg himself; he looked, indeed, as though henceforth but one thing could hold fast his mind and thoughts, and that was golden-haired Maria; her blue eyes had so bewitched him that he thought of no heaven but that which so alluringly shone from them. And soon he began to court the lovely maiden with words as well as looks, and she let him do as he would without the least resistance. Only sometimes, when she was alone in her little chamber, thinking over every look and word before she slept, after the fashion of young maidens, living it all over again as it were, a strange foreboding would seize her young heart as though some day a great sorrow must be wrought out for her through Johann, and she would tremble like a dove who feels the vulture hovering above it. All this was forgotten, though, the moment the tall slender youth crossed the threshold, bent his black eyes upon her, and laughingly twirled the saucy little mustache. The old magic worked upon her, which once had constrained her to let the boisterous boy have his way the moment he said—"I did not mean any harm to you, little Maria!"

And so it came to pass, as come to pass it must, that one evening on the way home, just before they reached the door of the Cantorate, Johann Herrgott asked sweet Maria Rhaw if she would be his loving wife that he might lead her through life until his latest breath. Then she burst open the door and darted in like a hunted fallow deer; but she could not close it behind her before he, too, stood in the dark passage. A moon-beam stole through the key-hole and kissed the maiden's face. She stretched out her little hand into the dark where he stood, and said, so softly that her words could not possibly have been audible to other than lover's ears—"If father will give me up, I will gladly be yours to my dying day."

Then Johann pushed open the study-door, and dragging the blushing maiden after him in triumph, threw himself into the arms of the astonished Cantor, crying—"She loves me—give her to me for wife, and there will be no happier mortal upon earth than I!"

Georg Rhaw folded his hands, and said rever-

ently—"The saints will have it so; why should I resist? Take my jewel, and see that you prize her."

It was a blissful hour which followed; the two children were as though suddenly transported into Paradise, and looked at each other as if they saw each other for the first time. They held fast to each other's hands as though they could not bear to let go, and whispered now and then a soft word that no one understood, and at which they yet smiled. Sometimes he would stroke her golden hair, then she would blush and look shyly up at her father. Not until parting did she grant the long-loved one a kiss upon her rosy lips; and when he had gone, she stood a long time with beating heart out in the dark passage; her father must not see her glowing cheeks. When finally she shyly stole back, she stood still upon the threshold with wonder. The Cantor held the pencil in his hand, manuscript paper was strewn around him upon every side; but the face was upturned, the brow and eyes shone with the light of transfiguration, his whole mien was that of an enraptured listener. As soon as he became aware of his little daughter's presence, he seemed as one awakening from a dream, beckoned her to approach, wound his arm around her slender waist, and whispered—

"I have heard the blessed angels sing, '*Kyrie eleison—Christe eleison!*' And I would that all poor, erring hearts had heard the same! Then would there be no more apostates upon earth, and the hands that are outstretched to attack the holy church would sink together, and the lips of the blasphemers who have repeated after the Augustine Monk the wanton words, would say an *Ave Maria* once more."

"Are there really such apostates?" asked Maria, hesitatingly.

Then a gloomy shadow overspread the Cantor's face, and with a solemn voice he replied—"There are many such, my child, and henceforth we must walk with open eyes and ears, and pray night and morning for these erring souls. And you, my child, are chosen by the blessed Virgin to keep watch and ward over one poor soul that the evil one gain no further power over it; for this soul, it seems to me, is no longer pure; but to you it is entrusted to see that it clothe itself once more in a snowy garment. Nothing is mightier in Heaven or upon earth than love, and so through it may Johann Herrgott, perchance, be saved. All the saints strengthen you, little daughter, for your labor will be great—but your reward will be glorious."

With an anxious heart Maria stole away this evening to her little chamber. Long and ardently did she pray on her bended knees for the poor erring soul of her beloved—for all souls; yes, even for that of the Augustine Monk of Erfurt; he stood in greater need of such intercessions than all others. And when finally she laid her down to rest, the burden was lifted from her heart. With a smile she murmured—"Nothing is mightier in Heaven or upon earth than love."

Months had passed away, and many events had transpired without in the German lands and within the homes of the people. The excitement increased from day to day, and from every side there arose champions for and against the holy religion. Martin Luther had been summoned by the Cardinal, and had spoken such bold and unheard of things in the assembly of learned men that he had been sent speedily back to Wittenberg. Arrived there, he began to preach once more against the errors and corruptions of the holy church, and his friend Melancthon supported him in his course, and the hearts of the young, always pleased with novelty, were powerfully drawn to the fearless man. Then Pope Leo, in his anxiety, sent a very shrewd cardinal, named Carl Von Miltitz, to Germany to silence the dangerous enemy by mild, insinuating persuasion. And in truth the adroit man was so far successful in appeasing Martin Luther that he promised henceforth no longer to teach in public letters or discourses disobedience to the holy Father.

But the Dominicans and others would not leave him in peace, and incited and goaded on his roaring anew, so that finally he lost the promised patience, and fell into a hot feud with the Dominican Hogstraaten and the learned Doctor Andreas Eck, at Ingolstadt, and letters and writings flew to and fro like burning tinder, scattering sparks on every side. And ever greater grew the band of followers who collected about this wonderful promulgator of a new doctrine and those who took part in the contest, and amongst these abettors there was many a clear head and skilful tongue, as for example, the learned Carlstadt. Finally the Ingolstadt doctor came to the conclusion that it would be far better to exchange attack and defence verbally, and to contend eye to eye; in view of this he demanded an encounter with the Wittenberger. The latter did not delay in accepting such a proposition, and so it came to pass that they chose the city of Leipsic as the place of combat. After much writing backwards and forwards, it was decided that the

twenty-seventh of July should be chosen as a day of great public dispute to which every one who applied should be admitted.

These tidings moved the then peaceful Linden city not a little. The citizens of Leipsic never were a people to be kindled into excitement for this or that trifling cause, and those who were most easily roused were the warm-hearted students, who in all ages are for a city what fresh young blood is for the body. The citizens proper of Leipsic lived one day out like the other, without any interruptions of their accustomed way, and unless the army was quartered upon them, or the destroying angel of the pestilence went from door to door, they took no care upon them, and gave themselves above all not the slightest concern about what was going on out in the world. To be sure, in the evening, over a glass of sour wine or beer, they sometimes talked about what was transpiring in the neighboring countries; but in their hearts they felt much more interest about what was then taking place in the dear neighbors' houses. They led a contented life, and cared to make no greater journey than out of the city gates where the lindens grew. But a little music must always be intermingled with everything, or else no true child of Leipsic could be thoroughly light of heart. Were it only the twittering of a bird, or the practising of the city guard musicians, or were it a rehearsal of the choristers of St. Thomas, young and old, men as well as women, would stand still to listen regardless of pouring rain or merciless wind. To the ever louder and mightier contentions in the church, though, the people of Leipsic had closed their ears as long as possible, for this tumult was no pleasant music. When, however, the fire diffused itself so relentlessly that they felt the heat drawing closer and were even singed by it, then even the calmest must arouse and give heed. Yet but few of the followers of the new tenets were to be found amongst the actual inhabitants of the Linden city; it seethed and fermented really only amongst the students, as well as secretly amongst the scholars and choristers of St. Thomas. The wise pastor, Polyander, included. But the women were growing excited and were beginning to talk, that was the worst of all. They would stand in groups together after early mass, or at the well when they went to draw water, much longer than usual, and would even let a mess of broth boil away, or some porridge burn, over a brand new piece of news about the mutinous Doctor Martin. Particularly since it had been rumored abroad that the wonderful man was coming in person to

Leipzig to contend of his own free will for his doctrines against the learned pillars of the church, was there no end to the chitchat, and in almost every house disputes might be heard in which the ready feminine tongues chiefly carried off the palm. The subject matter of dispute, however, was not always of the *pros* and *cons* of the new dogmas, most of the people had not the least idea for what the Wittenberger would contend. It concerned chiefly preparations for the great display of the twenty-seventh of July, now a new bonnet, or a brilliant chain for the velvet hand-bag for the High Mass at the Thomas church, when for the first time believers and unbelievers should openly come together. In one house alone were to be seen no traces of these things; there all was as still as though there was no Martin Luther in the world; yet it wore by no means a joyous aspect; and that was the house near the Thomas gate. The old Cantor looked grave, from his lips the childlike smile was blown away, the eyes and cheeks, too, were somewhat sunken; perhaps he worked too hard; for his daughter scarcely saw him from morning until evening, except at meal-times. And what was it oppressed the heart of the once so blooming, joyous Maria? Like a withered rose she hung her head, as under the weight of a heavy secret she crept around. From her eyes every one could see that she had wept much, and the merry-singing over her work she had long ceased. She went as of old to mass across the churchyard, and to the now infirm cousin in the Burgstrasse. Johann Herrgott came still every evening, but the betrothed sat alone, the Cantor did not leave his study. Yet, in spite of this solitude, no one would have taken the two who sat together for a pair of lovers. No whispers and smiles were exchanged, no kisses nor pressures of the hand; deeply earnest were the mien of both; the maiden looked straight before her with an anxious, mournful gaze, and a dull fire smouldered in the eyes of the youth. And they spoke together ever and ever but of the new doctrines of Martin Luther, and their promulgation in the German land. Ah! at first Maria had listened with all the curiosity of woman, when her lover told her about that bold Augustine monk of Erfurt, and repeated many of the words he had himself gathered from the eloquent lips. She had then asked many questions, and sought explanation upon one point or another. So, unconsciously she had plunged further and further into the labyrinth Johann opened before her. Little by little the youth had been betrayed into an absorbing enthusiasm, which finally led him to open his heart to his darling, and the terrified child-eyes of Maria penetrated deeper and deeper. And then he confessed to her that with soul and mind he had long accepted for his own the tenets of Martin Luther, looking yearningly forward to the time when he dare openly acknowledge his belief. He painted so alluringly the image of yon bold man as chosen of God to point out to the poor children of earth with his light the truest and shortest road to Heaven, that Maria, in her anguish, could only tremblingly beg—"Speak softly; I would not have father hear such words as these."

And so by degrees a tempest began to surge and foam within her breast, a mighty anguish fell upon her young heart, and the most fervent prayers of the mass were of no avail against the fury of the storm. Often in despair she would press her hands upon the lips of the loved one to hinder the rash words. Oh, in his eager zeal he could employ most persuasive eloquence, and when he spoke thus, his cheeks glowing, his eyes sparkling, so filled with the truths of that which was taking root in his soul, he might readily have led stronger hearts astray than that of a gentle, loving maiden. And Johann did not content himself with his own words alone to draw his darling over to his side; he brought divers writings, composed by the Wittenberg Doctor and copied in secret by himself, and read them aloud to the listening Maria. Yes, there is nothing mightier on earth or in Heaven than love; it constrains to good as well as to evil; it may become a healing draught as well as a cup of poison to the heart of mortal, if the holy angels do not stand by the fighting soul. Maria felt this omnipotence with a shudder of horror, the power of the loved one extended through her whole being beyond the power of the saints in Heaven. She thought no more of saving his soul as she had once promised the father; she felt clearly and hourly more distinctly that her own soul was in his hands, and that with all her strength she could not snatch it away unless the gracious Virgin should descend and reach to her a helping hand.

So she would pray, for hours cast upon the altar steps, for such succor; and the passers-by thought some especially pious soul must be there bringing its sacrifice, until finally one day the priest stepped forward and administered the sign of the cross to the penitent. Then she raised her deathly-pale face in mute gratitude, and his eyes alone saw that conflict and pen-

ance, not peace and submission, had bowed so low this young form.

Very often—in the beginning of her sorrow—she had confessed to her father many of her conversations with Johann, and earnestly besought him to refute him in argument; but with unwonted harshness the Cantor forbade his child ever to bring such things to his ear, as it only pained him. "His soul is in your hands, since you have become his bride," he said; "and so soon as you feel it to be lost turn from him. You must save him or give him up, and the saints alone can help you in your need."

Since then she never ventured to speak with her father of her trouble; once at the confessional she poured out her heavy heart to a venerable priest; but he bade her leave the lost sinner at once, would not even give the consolation of absolution to the sorrow-laden maiden—for to leave him was impossible. She believed, after the true fashion of women, that her faithful love must finally guide him back to the true path, or that a miracle would be wrought for his deliverance. With ardent entreaties and tears she besought him not to be untrue to the holy church; but neither words nor entreaties were of avail, and when with burning kisses he would snatch her up in his arms, and whisper to her that as long as she belonged to him, he could not be lost; then her power vanished, then she felt that she clung to him closer than ever. Whom else was there on earth but him to whom she could cling? The beloved father she must lose—ah, she had already lost him; for he would never forgive dissent from the church. And when she thought of Heaven, it was also only the beloved to whom she could hold. Johann had gradually taken away her own Heaven into whose shining glories she had until now so joyously gazed. It was empty and deserted, so dazzlingly clear that her eyes ached from the light! Vanished were the sublime hosts of the saints and martyrs whom her father had taught her to love and adore—vanished the gracious, radiant Queen of Heaven, with the Divine Child! Unknown forms with sterner countenances looked down upon her. Often it seemed to her as though she were alone in the world—alone in the wide creation, and that he whom she loved with thousandfold pangs, held her aloft over a bottomless abyss which yawned at her feet.

Only at times came a breath of peace, and that was when she sat in her little chamber at the spinning-wheel, and the door opposite where her father worked stood open. Then she would watch him by stealth, and dream

that all was as of old. Wondrous melodies floated towards her from the spinet. Her father must be writing something very great; she had never known him to work so unweariedly; she felt a secret anxiety about his eyes; his cheeks, too, seemed pale to her, and his smile was so weary. How gladly would she have sung to him an *Ave Maria* as she used to do; but as he did not call her to come any more, she could not offer, although she was sure such singing would lift a load of doubt and sorrow from her poor soul.

Since the tidings had spread abroad that the Wittenberg doctor was coming in person to Leipsic, Johann Herrgott could scarcely keep himself within bounds, and so plainly showed his joy and longing for Martin Luther that he received many a warning to be more discreet. The princely ruler of the land had issued the strictest mandates, forbidding every utterance concerning the new doctrines, as well as their promulgation by spoken or written word, and the glorification of their champions. Nevertheless, secret meetings were held by the students, in which they took counsel as to how they could prove their affection to the Wittenberg doctor, and give evidence that in secret they cherished the tenets of Martin Luther. And at these assemblies Johann usually presided, for amongst all there was none who knew how to speak with such fire, and whose power was so great over the hearts of the people. But let them determine upon what they would, no festivities in honor of the Wittenberger could be carried out, for a still sterner mandate went forth, threatening the penalty of death to all who undertook to show any especial honor to Luther. Then Johann grew very wild and turbulent, and openly spoke such free words, that Maria and his sick mother were terrified at his unbridled bearing, and gently urged him to guard his tongue lest his rash words should fall upon the ears of evil-wishers.

As, however, all their persuasion was of no avail, the anxious women took counsel together, and found but one method of leading him to other thoughts. So, after many debates and tears, Maria gave way to the sick cousin, and promised the day after the solemn dispute to become Johann's wife. As soon as this was made known to him, it was as though peace and rest had at last alighted upon his soul; his eyes shone with happiness, and his smile became the careless, winning one of former days. And he kneeled before the lovely pale bride, thanked her so fervently for the joy she had given him, and had such wondrous words of love for her



darling, as had not passed his lips for many weeks. He promised solemnly, too, to be more cautious henceforth in word and deed, so that at last the maiden's heart grew lighter, and a voice within her jubilantly cried—"Love is the mightiest upon earth as in Heaven."

But Cantor Rhaw, when his child came to him that evening and weepingly told him of her promise, looked long and searchingly into Maria's face; then, strangely moved, he said softly—"It will be, if the saints permit."

From this time the maiden began preparations for the bridal and for the future house-keeping, and in counsel and deed the cousin stood by her. The young couple were to take two rooms close beside her, then she could direct much herself, in spite of her lame foot; and in those days it did not need very great preparations to build a nest for a newly-married couple.

For a whole week, Johann was really like one in a happy dream, speaking and thinking only of the sweet time coming for him, which he had not looked for so soon, as heretofore Maria had answered all his entreaties with, "Have patience; I cannot yet leave my father."

It did not last beyond the week; then came the old restlessness, the dull smouldering fire in the eyes, and he came seldomer and seldomer to the bride and to the mother, worked less in his workshop, and stole out at night to hold long discourses with his associates in their place of meeting. At last came the day, the 22d of June, in the year of our Lord 1519, when the distinguished Andreas Eck, Doctor of the Bavarian University of Ingolstadt, was to make his entry into the Linden City, and with him a host of learned theologians and many wise monks from Ingolstadt, Erfurt, Augsburg, and Nuremberg. The learned of the Leipsic clergy, the polished choristers of St. Thomas, as well as the rigid Dominicans and barefooted monks, received them with immense honor and rejoicing; indeed, it was even noised abroad that the choristers had prepared upon the very first evening a sumptuous feast within the cloister walls, where the noblest wine flowed in abundance. In the great City Hall, too, the guests were magnificently entertained by the city; and at this banquet beautiful women were by no means wanting, because, as the saying went, Doctor Eck was particularly devoted to the fair sex. The people crowded, meanwhile, in masses in the market-place, and from time to time the In-

golstadt divine would come out upon the balcony of the City Hall, and then the people would loudly and stormily call upon him to bravely confute the Wittenberger. Tetzeli, too, was at the banquet; he had been carried upon a litter from his house in the "Salzgässlein," where he had long lain sick, the use of his limbs being now entirely gone.

Whilst the goblets rang merrily, and numerous toasts were proposed, there drove through the Grimma Gate two carriages, to which, although followed by a crowd of young men, no other heed was paid. In the first of these sat the learned Carlstadt and the young Prince Barnim of Pommeru, then knight of honor at Wittenberg; in the second, Doctor Martin Luther and his friend Melancthon. They drew up in front of a homely inn in the Reichsstrasse, and alighted there without attracting the least notice.

On the following day, however, there was a very suspicious crowd in the same vicinity, for many a citizen of Leipsic desired to look upon Doctor Luther, at least from the distance, and amongst them there was more than one who expected to see the singular man with black horns, devil's claws, and a hidden tail. The astonishment, therefore, was great when the innkeeper denied all this in reply to their urgent inquiries, and pointed out to them a tall, well-formed man, in earnest discourse with another at an open window, as Martin Luther. Upon this broad brow, chiselled as from marble, which was as clear and free as though the sun shone upon it, there were certainly no horns to be seen, the eyes had a serious yet fiery gaze, and on the hand, just laid upon the breast as in protestation, could no one discover a sign of the claws. The whole man looked so firm, as though resting upon a foundation of rock, so bold and so fearless that many a soul trembled lest the little crafty Ingolstadter should not come off victorious from such an enemy. Doctor Luther, in fact, was as a lion, whilst one could only think of a snake in connection with Doctor Andreas Eck.

In the late hours of the night, many a cloaked figure was seen to steal into the inn, whose names none could discover; many a one sought out the stranger, under the protecting veil of darkness, who in the daytime would not have ventured in, but who now crept in as whilom Nicodemus to the Lord, to speak with Martin Luther, and unburden their heavy hearts. One alone showed freely to the moon, and to every child of earth who

chose to look upon it, his face—and a fresh, handsome young face it was, whose eyes shone with a wild, eager light—the printer Johann Herrgott knocked at the door of Doctor Luther. This took place the evening of the 26th of July.

At the same hour stood golden-haired Maria in the little garden behind her father's house. There bloomed the roses more lovely than ever; the lindens, too, stretched upward their arms in the moonlight, which lay upon the verdure around as upon the cheeks of the maiden, where it trembled in the tears that streamed from her eyes. So sorrowful and wretched as now had she never been before. An hour ago Johann had besought her, passionately and unceasingly, as he alone could entreat, to pluck a nosegay of roses for the Wittenberg doctor, and strew it in his path the next day on the way to church. And although her heart nearly broke—for what would her father say if he knew?—she could not say “no” to such entreaties. He knelt before her—and in two days 'twould be her wedding-day! When, finally, she said “yes,” his thanks were so jubilant, so tender, he drew her so passionately to his bosom, calmed her soul with such words of wisdom, that when he left her, she felt sure, free and happy. But no sooner had his form vanished from her eyes, than there fell a weight as of burning coals upon her heart; it seemed to her as though she could never look her father in the eye again, because she had promised to strew roses in the path of that man whom beyond all others he called enemy upon earth.

“If you refuse, I will do it and more too,” Johann had cried, threateningly, when she had at first refused amidst tears; and Maria knew he would keep his word, and then be imprisoned and cruelly punished. No one could protest against a girl for such things; and even if they did—better, far better, suffer shame for him, than to see him endangered.

So she slowly gathered the roses; but the cup of her sorrow was full to overflowing. At the same time her love for Johann burned with such fury that she knew not which pangs were fiercest, and she dreamed of a cool sea into whose waves were mirrored the blue sky of Heaven, and whose waters could still forever the torments of those who plunged in.

Then after she had carried the roses to her chamber in a stone pitcher, she stole in to her father. Ah, it was the night before the last she should spend under his roof; for, in two days she was to wear the bridal wreath. She

wound her arms around him, pressed herself to his bosom, kissed him again and again. Speech forsook her; she could only sigh bitterly. But he gently put her back, placed his hand solemnly upon her head, and said—“Give heed to-morrow in the church, little daughter; a pious prayer can accomplish much, but St. Cecilia can work miracles through her faithful vassals! You, too, will be amongst those blessed by her!”

The three mighty bells of St. Thomas rang aloud on the 27th of July; and after they had given the signal, the bells of all the other churches chimed in. Every one who could walk, stand or see, were in the streets, and let themselves be pushed, dragged or carried about. The hitherto so peaceful Linden City was now like a disturbed swarm of bees, only the feminine bees did not all wear modest dark clothes, but were attired in the most brilliant array. Those who did not like to mingle with the crowd, looked out of the windows of the tall houses; even the tiniest openings in the roofs were filled with eager heads, and upon all the well-sheds, trees and stone benches, the mischievous boys clambered to carry on their wanton sport. Duke George had consigned to the distinguished opponents the great lower hall of the Pleiszenburg for the public contest, had had it hung with elegant tapestry, upon which were represented the portraits of St. George and St. Martin. Before, however, the dispute should commence, the opponents, as well as all the people the church could contain, were to listen to a solemn High Mass, the music of which was composed by Cantor Georg Rhaw, and would be sung by the choristers of St. Thomas.

At early dawn, a guard of city troops moved with waving banner and sounding drum to Pleiszenburg to maintain order. The champions themselves, those from Ingolstadt, from Wittenberg, and all who were to take part in the contest, assembled in the Auditorium of the royal college in the “Ritterstrasse,” and were welcomed in an earnest address by the Ordinary of the University, Doctor Simon Pistorius. Then the procession moved on at a solemn pace through the streets to St. Thomas' church. And upon either side revolved many people staring at the grave men who passed along. The champions from Ingolstadt walked in gloomy silence, but beneath the cowls of the monks glowed many a fiery pair of eyes, many a face of noble countenance might be seen, many a pale brow upon

which was plainly written—"I have grubbed, and thought and wrestled many days and nights; and I still struggle!" And again there were others, venerable men bowed with age, with beards of silvery white, in whose whole expression was written—"We have found peace." The Wittenberg delegates, on the contrary, walked in twos or threes together in friendly discourse, without the least apparent constraint; Dr. Martin walked beside the much-feared Carlstadt, towering a full head above him. As they passed through the Salzgäßlein to shorten the route, they heard an excited voice call from an open window—"Show me the Augustine monk from Erfurt!"

Then Martin Luther stood still and lifted his clear, sparkling eyes up to the most wretched looking man who lay cowering upon pillows, in the arms of a merciful brother, and who must have been lifted painfully to the window.

The Wittenberg Doctor evidently thought the sick man some secret follower of his doctrines, and so he gave him a friendly nod, and called out to him—"Peace be with you! The Lord our God will soon vouchsafe you the true health, and a joyous life in Heaven!"

Then an evil smile quivered over the face of the sick man, and he answered—"You, who prate of health, are sicker than I. Before long I shall be where I can intercede with the saints against you; for you have no bitterer enemy in Heaven or upon earth than I."

"Move on, my dear Doctor," said the gentle Melancthon. "It is Tetzl who speaks; but remember, he is a dying man; move on! His time is nearly run out; the Lord be merciful to his poor soul!"

And the procession moved further. The people had maintained a strict silence during this dialogue, but among the young students and licentiates were to be seen flashing eyes and glowing cheeks, and some pushed their way as close as possible to the Wittenberg Doctor, and waved their caps, utterly regardless of the winks and thrusts of those who stood around. When, finally, the procession reached the church of St. Thomas, there stood, as it were, a double wall of the choristers, and the scholars of the cloister school with their Rector Polyander at their head, waiting to welcome the guests. Behind them, upon the church porch, many women and young girls had taken their stand, and from afar, with their flushed, eager faces pressed close together, they might have been taken for a garland of roses. Pretty women were to be found in the

Linden City in the most primitive times, and may be found even to the present day without very great searching; a little inquisitive they have always been, too, like all daughters of Eve, whenever there is anything strange, beautiful or horrible to be seen, and are likely to be so through all time. Now an inquisitive daughter of Eve can be driven from a place once gained neither by force nor persuasion; and so it was here, the learned dignitaries had to force their way in to their seats of honor, because the women would neither budge nor stir. Yet the pathway thus forced was closely planted with the freshest, loveliest human flowers; and the most highly learned and pious men never disdain to look upon such, else they must be stone blind. St. Antonio himself, had he walked as to-day the learned champions, must have gazed more than once from right to left. There was none of all the pompous array who seemed in the least haste, or even drew a discomfited face; so nearly an hour elapsed before all were seated. And just at the entrance of the church it was that Martin Luther became aware of a slight movement of his garment, and suddenly a nosegay of roses was thrust into his hand. When he turned his head to discover whence came the pure gift, he beheld a deadly pale, yet wondrously lovely maiden's face, and the great blue eyes looked up at him so full of sorrow and bitter anguish of heart, that he had to say, very fervently—"Peace be with you!"

In the church it was at last still; all had found some manner of place; the High Mass began; the priests addressed the multitude; the sunshine played upon the carvings and paintings, upon the smooth pillars which supported the arched ceiling, and about the pulpit it hung like a veil of gold. Upon the western side of the richly decorated altar, erected in 1355, in honor of the holy Apostles, St. Thomas and St. John, as well as of St. Augustin, Bishop of Hippo, burned numberless candles, which cast a flickering light upon the immense sculptured picture in relief. This picture represents a series of partly painted, partly artistically carved figures. The burial of our Lord was there represented, and His embalmment; St. Veronica with the handkerchief with which the Divine Sufferer had wiped the sweat of agony from His brow; the scourging; the crucifixion, where holy angels hover about the cross; and many other scenes taken from sacred books. Upon the walls near the altar, were many descriptive paintings, on which were to be seen diverse occurrences from the lives of

the saints and martyrs; also, the nave of the church was crowded with artistic paintings, as well as metallic escutcheons, beneath which were many expressive epitaphs. In front of the pulpit stood the statue of a knight in armor, at whose feet lay a lion of stone. Upon it was written—"In the year of our Lord, 1451, on the Candlemas of our beloved Lady, died Hermann von Harras, Knight von H. H."

The organ, which about eight years before had been enlarged and improved by the skilful Master Blasius, as well as the lofty choir above, lay in obscurity. The only little window in the gable end was concealed by the High Altar, and the glimmer of the consecrated candles did not reach to this elevation.

What vast differences there was in the feelings of those who sat waiting below. On the hearts of most of them there trembled anxious expectation, humble fear; in others, exultant hopefulness, joyful consciousness of victory, faithful trust. In the last row of the women, half hidden by a column, knelt golden-haired Maria. She felt like an outcast, who was unworthy of a place within consecrated walls, since she had handed the roses to the Wittenberg Doctor. Close beside the font, beneath the image of the blessed Virgin, it had happened; how she could have done it, she knew not; but since that moment, an ice-cold hand had been laid upon her heart, and when she would try to say an *Ave*, the words escaped her, and ever and ever she could say nothing but—"Oh, my poor father!" Her weary eyes sought in vain for her soul's only consolation! Johann Herrgott was not in the church; he awaited the strangers, with others of his persuasion, at the "Pleiszbürg."

The Mass began; from the choir there resounded forth the solemn—"Kyrie Eleison, Christe Eleison." Organ tones mingled with the sound of silvery voices. As from the clouds floated down the chords, there began a melodious surging and heaving, amidst which rang forth—"Gloria in excelsis Deo." Onward it moved, whilst ever more glorious waves of sound filled the sacred walls, ever more sublime melodies emerged from this sea of harmony, forcing its way with ever increasing power to the hearts of the auditors. "*Laudamus te*," it echoed, "*gratias agimus tibi*," it entreated; "*Domine Deus rec coelestis*," it cried, with jubilant angel voices, whilst sweetly and humbly it murmured—"Qui tollis peccata mundi," till finally all voices united in the fervent cry—"Cum sancto spiritu!" Then like a harmonious sigh followed the soft

"Credo," in radiant glory arose the pious "*Sanctus*," and "*Ossanna*," pure and holy was the "*Benedictus*" that hovered upon the singers' lips, like the prayer of innocent childhood it whispered—"Et agnus Dei;" the organ, meanwhile, yielded mighty, touching tones, like the voice of a tender mother praying for her sick children, until all blended into that one ardent, solemn, infinitely entreating supplication—"Dona nobis pacem." Then, as though impelled by an invisible power, the whole multitude fell upon their knees, smote upon their breasts, and sobs and groans filled the whole church. Such music they had never heard; the bitterest enemies clasped each others' hands; those long parted met in silent embrace; hard hearts melted into emotion, proud heads bowed before the eternal God and His saints; proud brows were bent low in deep humility and penitence. And let whoever doubts these facts, turn to the old chronicles of the Linden City; there stands clearly written that after the great "*Missa solemnis*" of Cantor Georg Rhaw a sound arose as of lamentation, numberless tears flowed, and young and old fell upon their knees. From the same source we learn that often during the hot contest between Carlstadt and Eck, Doctor Luther held up to his face with a tender, loving expression, a beautiful nosegay of roses, and not until it came his turn to speak, did he lay it carefully down upon the seat.

And the lovely young maiden, who had gathered these roses amidst so many tears?

Well, she lay pale and still, behind the column; for as the last note of "*Dona nobis pacem*" died away, consciousness forsook her, and none of all those who thronged by saw her in her obscure corner. Golden-haired Maria awakened first to the life upon earth when the arms of her father were cast about her, and his voice called her by name. The church was still and deserted; heavy clouds of incense yet hovered around, but the candles were extinguished. In Georg Rhaw's face there was no trace of anxiety or alarm for his pale child; calmly and almost joyously he gazed upon her; at last he said, softly—"You have been dreaming a bad dream, my child, have you not, and St. Cecelia has awakened you from it?"

"Yes, my father," replied the maiden, "and I wish to thank her for such a miracle; let me go into a convent?"

"Will my little girl be happy there?"

"How can I help it—have I not found my lost heaven? Oh, my father, you have saved



my soul with your music! The chains have fallen from me at sound of your wondrous "*Gloria in excelsis Deo*," the golden gate of my Heaven, which Johann had locked, sprang open wide, and at the "*Benedictus*" the gracious mother herself appeared to me and smilingly beckoned me to follow her, whilst at the "*Agnus Dei*" the holy angels hovered around my head, mingled in the chorus, and supplicated for me, "*Dona nobis pacem!*" See, then all was at peace within me, I felt the kiss of the angel upon my brow, and then all earthly things vanished from my sight. Let me, therefore, go into a convent, so that day and night I may pray for his soul."

The very same day the gentle Maria entered as novice the Convent of the Sisters of the Heart of Jesus, near the Pleiszenburg, and saw never more upon earth the face of her betrothed. Yet her pious prayers surely softened for his poor soul the passage through the Valley of the Shadow of Death; for upon it was he destined soon to enter.

Johann Herrgott, so says the *Leipsic Chronicle*, printed and scattered abroad the writings of Luther in defiance of the strict prohibition of Duke George. Secret spies informed upon him, and on June 27, 1524, he was beheaded in the market-place of Leipsic, whilst the Lutheran books and letters found in his place were torn up and burned. His poor mother was so blessed as to escape this tribulation; she had slept for four years in the quiet grave. He met his death with a cheerful countenance, and asked, the last evening he passed upon earth, to see Cantor Georg Rhaw. Very long were the two shut up together, and pale and troubled was the old man's face when he started for home, having first given the young man his blessing and a heartfelt embrace, and solemnly promised to bear his last farewell to the pious Sister Beata—this was the name Maria had assumed upon taking the veil.

She did not survive him long, the golden-haired Maria, for her heart clung to him with chains of adamant. Mortification and prayer could accomplish much; but for one thing were they powerless—to choke out the yearning for him. And when the Angel of Death finally kissed her brow, her last sigh was the words, "Nothing is mightier in Heaven or upon earth than Love." And so each journeyed to Heaven by different paths; but Love, the Infinite, united them at last.

Georg Rhaw lived to see the new doctrines

take root and grow in the Linden City and in the whole Saxon land; yes, he must even survive the conversion of the Rector of the cloister school of St. Thomas, Johannas Polyander. From that time forth the Cantor moved about as one in a dream, and although he suffered from no disease, he visibly declined in strength. And one hot summer night it came to pass those who walked out late saw lights in the church of St. Thomas, and heard the sound of the organ. The melody which stole solemnly forth upon the quiet night, finding its way to the hearts of the listeners with such irresistible force, was, strange to relate, the song of victory sent out into the world by the Wittenberg Doctor, the exultant Psalm—

"A mighty fortress is our God,  
A bulwark never failing;  
Our helper He amid the flood  
Of mortal ills prevailing."

Suddenly the melody broke off, and all was still—the light went out. A guard was called, and then the people hurried into the church. On the organ bench sat Cantor Georg Rhaw, pale and cold, his venerable head bowed upon his hands; God had indeed helped him free from "the flood of mortal ills," and St. Cecilia had called her faithful vassal to her side in Heaven.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.—Blessed influence of one true loving human soul on another! Not calculable by algebra, not deducible by logic, but mysterious, effectual, mighty as the hidden process by which the tiny seed is quickened, and bursts forth into tall stem and broad leaf, and glowing tasselled flower. Ideas are often poor ghosts; our sun-filled eyes cannot discern them; they pass athwart us in thin vapor, and cannot make themselves felt. But sometimes they are made flesh; they breathe upon us with warm breath; they touch us with soft, responsive hands; they look at us with sad, sincere eyes, and speak to us in appealing tones; they are clothed in a living human soul, with all its conflicts, its faith, and its love. Then their presence is a power, then they shake us like a passion, and we are drawn after them with gentle compulsion, as flame is drawn to flame.

At all times presence of mind is valuable. In time of repose it enables us to say and do whatever is most befitting the occasion that presents itself; while in time of trial it may protect, and in danger preserve.

## THE INFLUENCE OF SOUND.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

I was talking with a friend to-day about noise—how this vibration of the air may be made the means of torture. We said, to pervert what might be pleasant, giving, in such a way as to make it a torment, showed remains of barbarism. Sound, it seems to me, is one of the strongest instances of this perversion. Nothing can be more pleasure—nothing has greater power to torture delicate nerves.

How many unpleasant noises there are in the world that come from a lack of refinement, whether they be misnamed musical sounds, the object of which is to please and soothe, or whether they are for "use," as a railroad whistle or the rattle of machinery.

In a perfect state of existence, everything would move smoothly and musically, as the spheres are said to move. "Use," I said, just as if it was not of use to have our nervous systems soothed, calmed, set in the right tune. True music will do this, as all discordant sounds jar and disarrange them—set our moral teeth on edge.

And perhaps we sometimes suffer from them when we do not know what it is that has made us uneasy, out of sorts, dissatisfied with ourselves and all around us.

I have imagined a state of existence where all sounds were musical, presenting an infinite variety, of course. No wonder this is made one of the features of Heaven for us.

Harmonious sounds are of use if they contribute only to present pleasure. But they have a use beyond this. They help to preserve us in health of body and health of mind. They give power, and they give alacrity. What was the story about a procession of slaves that marched to their work preceded by music made by jingling a calabash of stones? Rude sounds, suited to rude ears, but they had the effect to impart vigor and cheerfulness. When this music was discontinued the slaves drooped, went to their work with languid steps and dull faces, and accomplished less. We all know what an effect martial music has to animate the soldier. Musical sounds work wonders with the sick, sometimes, where there is a peculiar sensitiveness to them, the sick in body or mind. They are not enough valued, I think, as curative agents in such cases, and the

hurtful effects of unpleasant sounds are not enough thought of.

Speaking of music, the piano does not seem to have a beneficial influence upon sick or nervous people, but rather the reverse. I think that in this instrument the *wood* and the *iron* materialize the sounds too much. The element of *noise* is too great in proportion to the soul of the music—even when a soul is infused into it by the performer—which is not always the case, because to produce true music, even on a perfect instrument, the soul that inspires and guides the fingers must be not only full, but refined. Our music, of course, is at present imperfect. Our instruments are imperfect, our performers are defective in organization. But our music will keep pace in refinement with our advance in other respects.

Was there not a time, not long passed, when the accordeon was in favor, an instrument about as musical as a saw-mill. The nearest approach to my ideal of true music has been a few human voices heard in singing, voices unschooled in, and therefore unspoiled by art, that sang as the birds do.

A pleasant human voice in speaking, a voice rich with soul and harmoniously attuned, has magical effects. Sometimes we are charmed with conversation, or with public speaking, which if sifted down, would amount to very little. It is the magic of the voice that utters the words. I never shall forget the influence of a musical voice on me once when I was sick. I lay upon the sofa, weak, depressed in body and mind. Rising to drink from a cup on the mantel, I started back; I almost thought a ghost had confronted me, when I saw the pale and haggard features reflected in the mantel glass. I lay down on the sofa again. I was, oh, so weary! I could not read. I was tired of thinking—the same thoughts, over and over again, running through my brain. The family were engaged elsewhere. I was alone. It was just the edge of the evening, and I was, oh, so lonely!

The door opened softly, a soft footstep fell upon the carpet, a bright, pleasant face peered over the sofa where I lay. It was that of a friend who had come in to cheer my loneliness.

There was music in the face, for it spake kindness, sympathy, cheerfulness. I felt its effect at once. A sweet voice said—"I have come in to see if you would not like to have me read to you?"

"Oh, yes, I would," I said eagerly. Some good spirit must have prompted her to come at that time of my special need, I thought.

"What shall I read?" she asked, seating herself with the books she had brought in her hand. One of them was a magazine.

"Something light," I said; "something that will not move me to think; I am not capable of thinking."

She selected from the magazine a love story—light enough, in truth. I shut my eyes, and seemed to see the heroine "*picking a rose to pieces*," and doing other stereotyped things, that heroines will do when lovers talk, and they don't know what to say. I heard the lover "*sigh like a furnace*," and saw him fall on his knees, and do other absurd things, that lovers will do in such cases. The voice of the reader was soft and musical; it did not make much difference what thread it ran upon. It was soothing in itself.

I could feel the tide of life run in a fuller current through my veins as she read. When she had finished the story, she asked me if I was tired.

"No, rested," I said.

Turning the leaves of the magazine, she said—"Here is an article upon Byron, a criticism upon his character and writings. But you can't bear that; I'll find another story."

"No; I think I can bear it now," I said; "please read it."

She began, and we made comments upon what she read, and I grew quite animated. I could feel a new glow of life in my veins. I felt stronger. I rose up, and became quite absorbed in what she was reading. On looking at a watch in the room, when she had finished, we found it was ten o'clock. How swiftly and pleasantly the time had passed.

After my friend left, I looked at the face in the glass again. It hardly seemed the same that had met me there two or three hours before. It looked as though there was a living soul behind it now. It was the voice that had worked this change, I said. What was read would not have had this effect without its harmonizing influence. Had the doctor left a nostrum that had improved me so much in so short a time, it would have been thought wonderful.

## ON SUCH A NIGHT AS THIS.

BY J. L. M'CREEERY.

The world is beautiful to-night,  
Enwrapt in radiance rich and rare;  
The heavens are bathed in mellow light,  
And songs and odors fill the air:  
Be others happy as they may,  
With gleeful mirth or tender bliss,  
But oh! I never can be gay  
On such a night as this.

The world was fair and bright to me  
Till told by trembling lips that I  
A homeless orphan soon should be—  
My earliest, only friend must die!  
So young in years, I little knew  
How much that mother I should miss,  
Who passed the gates of glory through,  
On such a night as this!

Mother and wife—oh, holy twain!  
Who shall decide which loveth best?  
What glory crowned my life again  
When to my heart my bride was pressed!  
An angel walked with me awhile,  
Then gave me one last, lingering kiss,  
Returning heavenward with a smile,  
On such a night as this!

My heart, with keenest anguish wrung,  
Had one thing left to love—our child!  
So pure, so fair, to her I clung  
With worship—oh, my God, how wild!  
She died. All lonely I was left  
In sorrow's bottomless abyss;  
Of love, hope, happiness bereft,  
On such a night as this!

Yet, viewing in the depths afar  
The glories of the jewelled night,  
My feelings not unmingled are  
With thoughts that make the heart more  
light;  
For, gazing into Heaven, I dream  
My feet its portals almost press;  
And very near my loved ones seem  
On such a night as this!

"Jim," said one person to another, "a man's tongue is like a cat's; it is either a piece of velvet or a piece of sand-paper, just as he likes to use or to make it; and I declare you always seem to use your tongue for sand-paper. Try the velvet, man, try the velvet principle."

When the little one sits on your knee, and lays upon your shoulder a little head with golden ringlets, you do not care very much though your own hair is getting shot with gray.

## PAULINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

## CHAPTER XV.—CAUGHT IN THE REBOUND.

Chagrined by the result of his interference with Pauline's plans, George Bryan set his face towards home, trying hard to make himself believe that he had acted a wise and manly part, and had no cause for self-reproach, and that he was glad the interview had decided his relations with this girl who had so long tampered with his love—*tampered*—that was what he said. Perhaps it was better, after all, that she had never accepted his offer, though had there been an actual existing engagement between them, he would not have hesitated to dissolve it if she had persisted in her present determination. For he knew he was right. And he knew she was wrong. Might he not have convinced her of this truth if he had approached the matter of dissension in a different manner? He would not think of it. There was no calculating how a woman of her type would receive this thing or that. No doubt, however, she would have gone her own way, let him have put his remonstrance into what form he would. She was just enough bewitched by the apparent success of her first attempt to be deaf to all reason. Nothing but experience, he supposed, would convince her of her error. And experience of that sort, certainly, would cheapen her too much for him. The bare thought of marrying a woman whose name had become familiar to the public through such an endeavor as she was determined upon, fairly made him shudder. It was repugnant to every feeling, and could not be for a moment entertained. But close upon the glow of satisfaction in the adjustment of this matter, trod the unwelcome and harrowing suspicion—I had almost said certainty—that the young lady was not in the slightest degree cast down by the withdrawal of his offer, and went her own way, not—as he would have preferred—in defiance of his opinions, but with indifference to them. And I put the question to any one with natural feelings—is it pleasant to punish an offender and not have the blow tell, especially when one deals it at one's own cost?

Altogether, whatever he might strive to make himself think, it was not in a very enviable frame of mind that Mr. Bryan was whirled back to the city, nor with the most

amiable and satisfied expression of countenance that he joined the family circle the ensuing evening, volunteering no information respecting his absence. And the atmosphere of that home was certainly not very inspiring to a disappointed man. The cloud had never lifted since Kitty's death. The shadow of perpetual trouble brooded over the household. It needed the bright, free, happy, hopeful spirit he had anticipated bringing there to dissipate the gloom, and diffuse light and cheerfulness in the darkened home.

The mother's eyes were heavy with secret weeping for unspoken sorrow, and her smile so faint and sad that it seemed rather to increase than to lessen, as it was meant to do, the sense of desolation that weighed down the spirits of the others. Amy, white and drooping, and shadowy as a ghost, moved nervously about, with a look of vague terror in her eyes, and her heart torn in twain by two conflicting powers that should have been in harmony—her love for her baby and her love for Douglas, who after an exile of several months in the mad-house, was restored to her with mind apparently rational except upon one point, and that of itself sufficient, she thought, to unsettle her own reason. The puny, wailing infant daughter, that had laid feeble claims to life during his absence, he regarded with such extreme aversion that the sight of the innocent was enough to bring to his eyes the glitter of insane fires which seemed not quenched, but only temporarily smothered. He could not endure to see the wee-faced, weird-looking thing in Amy's arms; to him it was nothing human, but an imp, a ghoul, a vampire preying upon her life, and he could have strangled it in his madness. So the poor young wife and mother, with heart divided equally between her idols, could only devote herself to one in the absence of the other, and was happy with neither, growing every day more wan and shadow-like while her very soul seemed rent asunder by the unnatural strife between the holiest loves of her woman's life.

Miss Celestia, with characteristic independence, when there could be no longer a pretense of serving in the family where she had never been suffered to feel that she occupied an inferior position, had, against many pro-



tests, sought out a new situation, and betaken herself to governess' duties in another household, carrying with her the ray of sunshine that her frank, cheery good humor had cast in the home so sadly changed since she first entered it. Only Louise remained; not, as I would be glad to affirm, from a desire to solace the woes of her friends and share their heavy burdens, but chiefly because she had no where else to go, and, being of the fungi order of women, was incapable of any other than a parasitic existence. If any minor reason influenced her to stay where her happiness was not the first consideration, the reader may divine it.

On that evening succeeding his return from his unsuccessful expedition, George's eyes followed the movements of Louise with an expression of more genuine interest and admiration than had ever underlain the tender looks and gallant speeches that he had always bestowed on her, from force of habit rather than of feeling, his manner being trained to convey to every woman (except *one*, who could not understand the signals, and would have his mind in plain English) the secret intelligence that he regarded her as "created of every creature's best." He thought, with a little pang of self-reproach, how dreary the girl's life must have been in the past year, and how much he had left undone and unsaid that might have made it brighter, though Louise, perhaps, could have asked nothing more except a formal declaration of the love which his eye and voice daily hinted.

Then he fell to drawing mental contrasts—people who believe they have received an injury do—between offending and unoffending parties, finding in the latter a goodly number of amiable qualities never before observed, or not sufficiently appreciated; and discovering in the former a great many unlovely traits of character hitherto unsuspected. How beautiful and truly womanly appeared the conduct of Louise beside that of Pauline! In her hour of need she had not scorned assistance, and gone storming through the world thrusting herself boldly into public notice under plea of self-maintenance; but like a frightened, houseless bird, used to loving care and tender caresses, had fluttered into his home, shrinking as it seemed to him any true, right-feeling woman must, from pushing her way in the dusty workshops and battle-fields of life, perceiving instinctively that there was not her proper place, and nestling with soft, child-like confidence under his protection. Such

a woman appealed to the nobler impulses of a man, and called into action his most tender and chivalric feelings; but that other type, by a bristling, disagreeable assertion of independence holding him at arm's length, and denying his right to shelter and protect—ugh! he wondered how he ever could have thought one of its representatives the embodiment of his conceptions of true, sweet womanhood. He had been shamefully deceived. He did not know where his boasted discernment could have been, not to have understood these two women better, when for a whole summer he had been permitted to read the indices to their characters together, inwardly chafing, as he now remembered with compunction, that the helplessness of one chained him too often to her side when he was longing to be with the other, for whom there seemed never an opportunity to perform any of those trifling services that Louise so constantly required. He had admired such independence then—it was something so unique—the more fool he, not to see toward what insanity it tended.

So he mused while he joined absently in the family talk, watching Louise through the fringes of his brooding eyelids, and making pictures of her that no one would have recognized—she least of all—such exquisite sensibilities and beautiful instincts as his imagination invested her with, being as great a mystery to her as was the cause of his profoundly impressive manner in bidding her good-night on this particular occasion, adding to his usual tender inflection of voice in speaking it a lingering pressure of the hand, and a look that thrilled her heart with the sudden uprising of a hope that had long languished in weary waiting for fulfilment.

Coming home next day, after a stroll down town, feeling more than ever disgusted with the proceedings of Pauline, and vexed with the result of his interview with her, George sauntered into the parlor of which Louise chanced to be the sole occupant, the other members of the family being engaged in preparations for their intended speedy departure to the country. Now, perhaps, the hint conveyed in last night's tender leave-taking was totally lost on Louise, and this golden opportunity for an undisturbed *tête-à-tête* with the gentleman of the house was offered without premeditation, and in beautiful unconsciousness of the use he might make of it. We will presume it was without any thought of effect that she avoided all appearance of the disagreeable confusion and slovenliness that might have been at-

tributed to the unsettled times preceding the coming exodus, and in her most elaborate and becoming morning toilet struck her gracefulest attitude upon the *elle-à-elle* standing in the recess of the oriel window, a bit of delicate embroidery dangling from her fingers, and a little workstand drawn up by her side, holding a highly-wrought case for her silks and cottons, a tiny vase of rose-buds, and a dainty volume of Owen Meredith's poems.

"An exquisite picture of feminine grace and industry," was Mr. Bryan's inward comment as he came into the room, marking with a degree of pleasure which the same manifestation had never before awakened in him, the droop of her eyes and the rising color in her cheeks at his approach. There's no denying it, Louise could blush beautifully—but whether it was a work of Nature or of art is none of my business, nor yours, reader.

Now, in this pretty little plot—if plot it was—there seemed no place appointed for the gentleman but on the sofa by the lady's side, to which position he was, indeed, tacitly invited by the white hand stretched forth to draw back her voluminous skirts; but not seeing, or feigning not to see the movement, he walked to the other end of the room, whither, curiously enough, all the chairs had retreated, and drawing one into the alcove, sat down by the workstand, bending to inhale the perfume of the roses, while he fastened his eyes with a look of undisguised admiration upon the "exquisite picture" opposite. And what a sweet, womanly picture it was—and what a beautiful contrast it presented to one he had seen in a certain audience-room two or three nights previous! He dwelt upon the wavy line of glossy brown hair rippling away from the low white feminine forehead, with its faintly defined eyebrows; marked the sweep of the drooping lashes on the rounded cheek, with its blending of pink and white; lingered on the curve of the pouting lips, and the witching dimples in the characterless chin; watched the slender thimble-tipped finger darting the delicate gleaming needle through a wonderful labyrinth of stitches; and got bewildered in the mysteries of laces, tucks, embroideries, ruffles, ribbons, tassels, tinsels, arabesques, Greek patterns, and ornamental buttons, staying his eyes at last on the dainty slipped foot peeping with such *conscious* prettiness from beneath the trailing draperies, that a covert smile played under the gentleman's mustache as he awarded it the coveted look of admiration.

"You seem sad. Is anything troubling you?" finally asked Louise, with tremulous affectionateness, dropping her embroidery and lifting her eyes tenderly to Bryan's face, casting them quickly down again with a charming blush as she met his gaze, of which the reader may presume she had been for the last few moments totally unconscious.

"N-o—ye-s," denied and admitted the gentleman with a smothered sigh and a sudden aspect of melancholy. Such a loving, perceptive, sympathetic creature! How was it that he had never before discovered this priceless jewel lying right in his path? "But we will not talk of trouble here, dear Louise. The thought of it is almost banished by your presence. Ah, you don't know what a relief it is to a weary, harassed man to drop all wordly cares and perplexities at the door of home, and yield himself to the sweet influence of the divinity presiding there!"

And voice and eyes made such tender application of the not very original words, that Louise could not help but acknowledge it by another blush, a little tremulous sigh, and a stolen glance of sympathy, while she said very low—"You never should remember trouble or care in my presence, if I could prevent."

What a tender-hearted little darling it was, and what a clear perception of the true office of woman, to cheer and comfort man!

Perhaps Mr. Bryan could not adequately express his feelings at such a distance from the inspirer, or he might not have been able to hear distinctly such fluttering, faintly-uttered words, or possibly his chair was not comfortable, and he crossed over to the seat silently tendered to him at his entrance, and settled down by the young lady's side, taking her little, soft, flabby, passive hand, that yielded like a piece of wet sponge to the pressure he gave it—a different sort of hand from one he had lately touched that had blood and bone and nerve and *soul* in it; but maybe for that reason more beautiful to his sense, as typifying those soft womanly qualities which he now believed the other had not indicated.

"Louise!"

Just a simple name as it stands written, and occupies small space, and expresses little or nothing, but in the utterance it expanded to volumes, and would have furnished to a woman who thoroughly believed in the speaker food for meditation half a lifetime. "You are the embodiment of all goodness," was one of its million meanings. "You are my ideal of womanly excellence." "I have searched the

world over, and never found your like;" "You are my heart answerer;" "I cannot live without you;" "Do not deny yourself to me, or I shall throw my worthless life away;" "My darling, my darling, my unspeakably dear love, there are no words to tell how precious beyond price you are to me;" "I throw myself upon your mercy;" "I love you with all the strength, and passion, and tenderness of my nature"—this, and infinitely more, was implied in that lingering—"Louise," and the passionate look accompanying it.

But now a thing happened which had never but once occurred in the five and twenty times that he had addressed this one of half a hundred ladies (these are modest figures) in precisely the same tone, accompanied by the same look. She drew her hand away coldly, almost resentfully, and began to talk rapidly about some matter foreign to that of which his manner signified an intention to speak, showing so evident a desire to evade the apparently impending declaration, that one might have supposed the gentleman's attentions altogether repugnant to her feelings. Perhaps (we are dealing with uncertainties) he had so many times got just to this point, and stuck fast there, that she was resolved, by a desperate chance, to lift him over the impediment, or lose him in the effort. However that may be, he was unmistakably surprised and piqued by this sudden show of indifference, and a little too much bewildered by the newness of the thing to consider that it might be *only* a show. He had been used, when he had given her such tacit but intangible evidences of the deepest affection, to seeing her sit with blushing cheeks and downcast eyes, waiting, with an expectant air that amused him, for some farther confession in real, enduring words, and it was he who had hitherto pioneered the way to grounds less dangerous, giving the impression that some uncontrollable circumstance operated for the present to seal his lips upon a subject of vital import to both. But here was a change of position that for a moment puzzled him, and then spurred him almost without thought to an advance that, in spite of his newly acquired perception of Louise's "beautiful and truly feminine cast of character," might not have been made under the old conditions.

Repossessing himself of her hand, he poured forth a confession of his undying attachment in words so ardent and sweet, they would melt like sugar in the transcription ink, leaving a trailing, unintelligible blot; and for answer thereto was the brown hair, with all its adorn-

ings lying on his shoulder, and the prettily curved lips at just the right angle for the convenient performance of osculatory rites, and all that mystery of ribbons, laces, tinsels and other millinery, reposing in his arms.

Here was a situation not exactly to the gentleman's taste. He had gone just a step farther than he meant. It was pleasanter to hover on the brink of an open declaration, than to find himself suddenly precipitated to the other side, with the fetters that were henceforth to bind him symbolized in the arm that confidently circled his neck. He almost forgot his new estimate of the qualities belonging to his wife elect, (startling name!) and began to feel stealing over him that sickness and weariness of her which an hour of her society had always engendered, making him faint for the sound of a voice with a reviving breeze of thought in it. Then there shot before his eyes like a flash of lightning, a vision of the days, and weeks, and months, and years that those hot, sweet words would bind him to spend with her, and—merciful Heaven! it brought the perspiration in cold drops to his forehead, and sent a tremor through him that was not of rapture, whatever the head lying upon his shoulder might conceive. But he called himself an "honorable gentleman"—mark! an HONORABLE GENTLEMAN—and would keep his word, however rashly given. So he turned for solace to the little pallid ray of comfort flickering at the fag-end of the well nigh burnt-out beacon that had lighted him into this quagmire, and touching those pretty lips of clay, said, in a tender voice—"You will always find contentment in the sphere of home, and happiness in the love of your husband, and cherish no unnatural aspirations to shine in positions that woman was never intended to fill."

Louise looked up with an expression of surprise, puzzled by the emphasized "you," and unable, of course, to trace the connection of his thoughts, little suspecting that her nearly capsized hope, wherewith wind and wave had played for many a day a game of battledoor, was brought to anchor in the port of certainty at last by one whom she had always weakly hated as a rival.

"I can't think what you mean," said she, nestling down again. "To be your wife is the only aspiration I have, and happiness enough for any woman."

Which was certainly sweet, superlatively sweet, and could not in nature be answered with less than a closer pressure of his arm,

and a warmer greeting of the lips; but, somehow, after this, a frigid wind blowing straight out of unseen Arctic regions, seemed to cool the ardor of both, and the foretaste of Heaven of which freshly acknowledged lovers whisper in their first *tête-à-têtes*, was not so delicious but the interrupting summons to earthly lunch was hailed, at least by one, as a welcome promise of a change of diet.

Perhaps Louise thought it was excess of happiness—the taste of ambrosial food yet in his mouth—that caused him to trifle with the viands of the table, and an oppression of bliss, too great to sit still under, that drove him from the house, and sent him wandering absently through the streets like the spirit of unrest; and in this she might have got about as near the truth as half of us do when we think we read the secret thoughts and motives of those with whom we have daily intercourse.

But whatever the cause of his failing appetite and his restless feet, it was late when he brought both home again, and found waiting him, among other letters by the evening post, one whose superscription, in a woman's well-known hand, made his heart throb indecorously fast for "an engaged young man" with his affinity sitting by his side. That he slipped privately in his pocket, reserving it to read in solitude, which he sought conveniently early, and with no curious eye upon him, tore off the envelope hastily, instead of cutting it deliberately as was his usual nice practice, and ran his eyes over the sheet enclosed with an eagerness that argued the expectation or desire of finding something of more vital importance than perhaps appears in the appended

#### AFTER-THOUGHT OF PAULINE.

"It occurs to me, in reviewing our conversation of this morning, that I may have given you the impression that I cared less for the right in the action from which you hoped to dissuade me, than for the delight of having my own way, and that I set myself in opposition to your wishes and counsel from a blind, perverse, irrational spirit, sometimes styled *independence*, but more justly named defiance. Now I do not like you to believe this of me; for if I have any true perception of my own motives, I am not actuated in the matter upon which we disagree by a feeling so unreasonable, and if you saw cause to judge me thus, I bore false witness of myself. It pains me inexpressibly to move contrary to the wishes of a friend.

My love of approbation is so strong, that I am readier always to yield than to oppose; but I have learned there can be no definite course of action, and consequently no inward peace for me, without respect to my own convictions. It may seem easier and pleasanter at first to whirl like a weather-vane to the wind of every one's opinion; but amid countless turnings and counter-turnings, the situation grows complex and maddening at last, and one's soul is broken in pieces by contending forces, and in everything and nothing under the sun.

"Do not construe me as scorning advice, or as holding my own convictions to be absolute truth. For the first, it is always welcome; only I claim my privilege of acting upon it or not, as reason and conscience shall dictate; and as regards the latter, I am too well aware of the fatal facility in human reasoning of making black appear white, to trust any conclusion as absolute, or hold any conviction as final. Beyond the few great central truths that admit of no dispute, everything is shifting, uncertain, and subject to endless speculations, and since scarcely two minds can see alike on all points, it seems absurd for one or another to claim perfectness of vision. Yet I think each should respect his own light, and guard it from his brother's breath; and so I trust you will not censure me too severely if I respect mine, though it be only a little rush-light, or, mayhap, a deceitful Will-with-the-wisp.

"I respect your feelings in this matter, and I see much reason in your objections to the step I have taken; but I think I see, also, reasons that justify the act. If I do not enter into a wordy defence of my position, it is because I hope to prove by experiment better than I can by argument, that it is not altogether wrong. Meantime, if you can lay aside your prejudices long enough to examine candidly and impartially the ground over which you ran somewhat frantically this morning, you may be able to discern with some degree of clearness the points which influenced and determined my course, and they will seem of vaster significance in your eyes if you find them out yourself, than if I directed your attention to them. I simply commend to your consideration the fact that in making this trial, I do so at the neglect of no known duty to any human being, and I respectfully submit the question, whether it is not worthier in me to engage in any honorable occupation, even one attended with the unpleasant publicity of this I have determined upon, than to perjure my



soul by the marriage oath, solely to escape the necessity of labor, and to find the retirement which you emphasized so strongly as the dearest desire of a true woman's heart that the inference naturally follows she would sacrifice her honor to obtain it. For the fact that I now feel no positive antipathy to you, does not prove that I love you, nor, indeed, that I would not hate you cordially, if brought into closer relations with you; and 'true woman' do not, I frankly confess 'retirement' is not so dear to me that I would purchase it at the cost of my soul. Under present circumstances, I am your true friend; as your wife, I might be your worst enemy. So much has become evident to me in this probationary period to which I am glad you have put an end. I am hardly more confident now than at the time of its appointment that it was not needed to prove to us that we are not one, but two. We have few sympathies in common (if I read you truly), and without perfect unity of feeling, I am unable to conceive how marriage can be anything but martyrdom. Perhaps I judge you wrong, but it does appear to me that if you ever had a just perception of love, in its true sense, you have trifled the knowledge quite away, and it is no more to you now than a passing sentiment, fit to beguile an idle hour with rhapsodies and extravaganzas worthy of the hero of a third-rate romance. If I do you injustice, I humbly crave your pardon.

"And now, if I have not made my reasons plainer to your understanding, and if you cannot see why this letter is written, you may attribute it to woman's proverbial propensity to have the last word."

But in spite of the gentle hint conveyed in this last paragraph, Mr. Bryan, wincing under the imputation of dealing in pseudo-sentiment, he might not have done the day previous, sat down to his writing-desk and indited to the author of the letter twenty-four duodecimo pages of reproaches, accusations, recriminations, self-justifications, and intimations of some mysterious crime and wretchedness of which she was the direct cause. And, reader, (am I addressing a nonentity?) you are not more disappointed than I that this story turns out to have no hero in it.

#### CHAPTER XVI.—"WOMAN'S RIGHTS."

Now, Pauline's career as public lecturer is not a subject of such profound interest, nor crowded with so many delightful incidents, that my pen need linger long upon the record.

If life had ran with her as it does with the heroine in a story-book, she would have met with a succession of brilliant triumphs, and walked straight up to the giddy heights of fame and glory without once losing breath or reeling with dizziness, while the adoring world gaped its mouth and sang paeans to her name; but life didn't run with her as it does with the heroine in a story-book—and, alas! with whom does it? For her, there were low, dead level flats, more trying than the roughest and steepest mountain ground to get over, because if one only can see one is going up, though never so slowly and painfully, the heart will not sink and fail as it does on these dreary, awful plains; and there were tantalizing fiends threatening her with dangers, which, seen through their magnifying glasses, looked terrible indeed; and sharp, stinging pricks from the spears of unadmiring critics; and slushes of ignorance into which she made many ungraceful descents; and work, stern, hard, plodding, nerve-taxing work, such as no soaring heroine of romance with her lofty genius, and her sublime and statuesque indifference to the world's applause, and her infinite and mysterious sorrows that lie quite beyond the reach of human sympathy, was ever compelled to do.

But though the way was not bordered with roses, and the work was not the elegant pastime that romantic and aspiring maids may suppose, and no brilliant successes crowned her efforts, and no worshipping world fell on its knees at her feet, she found the way passable, the work good, the success fair, and the appreciation warm enough to encourage her to go forward, and after the first step, taken in doubt and darkness, she never faltered. Perhaps among the many unpleasant things to which her position subjected her, and which she had learned to expect—indignities, sarcasms, misconceptions, and criticisms obviously unfair—there was nothing more mortifying to her feelings than the popular identification of her aims and interests with those of a party with whom she had little sympathy, though with characteristic aversion to spending her breath in explanation and justification of her principles, of which she designed her work to be the best exposition, she paid little heed to the shots of ridicule aimed at her supposed doctrines, only now and then, when claimed by the aggressive champions of the party itself, striking a note so little in harmony with the low, sullen thunder of their battle-hymn that they speedily moved on to

the accomplishment of their higher mission, and left her to pipe alone. One such attempt to draw her up to their elevated platform, and win her voice to their feeble chorus, "Emanation from the power of tyrants," may be not improperly recorded here.

On the day following one of her most successful efforts before a larger audience than she had previously addressed, Pauline received a call from a somewhat anomalous personage, rather ambiguously announced as S. J. Tracy Smythe, who appeared attired in a costume that was neither masculine nor feminine, and whose compliments were paid in a manner that was neither lady-like nor gentlemanly.

"Madam or sir," said Pauline, doubtfully and indignantly, extricating herself from the rapturous embrace, and putting a period to the extravagant greeting speech of her ambiguous visitor, "please be so kind as to state your business with me."

The nondescript being showed its teeth in a falsetto laugh, and re-announced itself as Mrs. Sarah Jane Tracy Smythe.

The young lady's brow lightened. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Sarah Jane Tracy Smythe, I was really unable to classify you. Pray be seated, and allow me to put my somewhat impertinent question in a milder form. To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit?"

"To your wonderful power of moving hearts, my gifted and congenial sister," gushed Mrs. Sarah Jane, flinging herself into a chair, and thrusting out and drawing back her feet under short skirts, as if in the reconstruction of her habits on a basis of equality and freedom, she had not yet determined on the disposition of those members. "I had the exquisite pleasure of listening to your lecture last evening, and I assure you my heart burned within me as the fervid, eloquent words leaped like living fire from your lips, and I could scarcely restrain myself from springing up and proclaiming aloud my joy at the appearance of another noble representative of my sex. I have only one fault to find with you, and that is that you did not take advantage of so excellent an opportunity to touch upon the wrongs of poor, oppressed, down-trodden woman. We, my beloved sister, must neglect no occasion to hold up our injuries, and cry out against the monstrous injustice and tyrannies of our unnatural masters. It was in part to call your attention to this obvious omission of duty, and to urge upon you the necessity of speaking forth boldly and clearly on a subject of such mighty import to

millions of suffering, enslaved souls, that I sought you this morning, and also to invite your attendance at a Woman's Rights Convention, to be held here on the twentieth instant, for the purpose of determining upon the course of action best to pursue in our struggle for freedom, and to adopt some stringent measures that shall work to the speedy overthrow of the despotic power that has usurped all our heaven-ordained rights and privileges and reduced us to shameful slavery. We may depend upon your presence and support, of course."

Pauline frowned, bit her lips, and cleared her face in a luminous smile. "You do me great honor, Mrs. Tracy Smythe, but I think other engagements will prevent my acceptance of your invitation."

"Ah, but this is an object of such stupendous importance! You must not permit any matter of minor interest to interfere with your coöperation in the effort to lift the yoke of bondage from the neck of woman. It is the grandest and noblest work that can enlist your powers. You will certainly favor us with your presence and influence on the specified occasion. I long to hear that eloquent voice of yours ring out on the thrilling subject of woman's wrongs."

"Again I must beg to be excused from participation in this movement. I could not do justice to the 'thrilling subject,'" Pauline responded dryly.

"Oh, we all feel that way," exclaimed the zealous champion of equal liberties, rising in excitement and striding up and down the room in a manner that must have intimidated the stoutest heart among the "masters," and made the "despotic power" that had usurped her "heaven-ordained rights and privileges" tremble upon its throne, if any of its representatives had been there to behold. "Often when I stand up to plead the cause of my suffering sisters against their hard oppressors, the thought of all the wrongs, and indignities, and deprivations they have borne uncomplainingly through long generations, almost strikes me dumb, and I feel, as you say, as if I could not do justice to the subject; but my mighty indignation finds voice at last, and fast-crowding words rain from my lips like hailstones, smiting the tyrant with madness and alarm for his doomed power, and thrilling the souls of the oppressed sisterhood with new strength and courage, and determination to accomplish their delivery from bondage. And you must not give way to this depressing feeling, gifted and kindred spirit, nor think your

words without influence to advance the interests of this holy cause. You are capable of sending forth an appeal that might stir the whole army of weakly submissive martyrs to resistance. Don't hold back from the work through distrust of your powers. Open your mouth, and speech will flow."

"Madam, you misconstrue me," Pauline said, coldly, having no longer the heart to smile at the tragicomic airs and hyperbolic expressions of her visitor. "I have not that sense of the wrongs which you claim my sex to have suffered, and consequently not that sympathy with the cause you wish me to espouse which would be necessary to elect and ordain me to advocateship in its interests."

"No sense of the wrongs! No sympathy with the cause! Oh, good Heaven!" gasped Mrs. Sarah Jane Tracy Smythe, recoiling from the "congenial sister," whose shoulders she had half embraced as she encouraged her to effort, and flinging back her large fair hands in extreme disgust, as if, instead of a bird with unfledged wings, she had picked up a loathsome worm. "Can it be possible that you are one of those tame spiritless creatures who grovel at the feet of the enslaver, and lick the hand that load them with chains? Can it be possible that you have so much the nature of a craven and a slave, that you can be content in a condition of ignominious bondage? Can it be possible?"

"Madam, I fear it is possible; and pray crush me at once and have done with me, for I can only die by inches under such withering looks," softly laughed Pauline, overcome with mirth again by the heroi-comical attitude struck by her companion in the delivery of this last speech. "I know the confession must excite your contempt, but I really do not feel my 'chains,' and am conscious of no limitations outside my own nature, and am very well content with the ordinances of God."

"Ordinances of God!" sneered Mrs. Tracy Smythe. "That is one of the specious arguments of the tyrants themselves, and I am con-founded to hear the expression from the lips of a woman as intelligent as you are. I tell you it is no ordinance of God but of man, that holds our sex in an inferior position, and de-bars us from taking an active part in the weighty affairs of life, and from reaping the honors and emoluments of office. For we are every whit as competent to rule and lead as are the boastful usurpers of our rights, and there is no place or power that we might not reach if we were not kept under by the will of

tyrants—treated as serfs and vassals of those to whom we are in every respect equal, and in many respects superior—aye, I repeat it, superior! and will maintain the point against the universe!"

The tall, imposing figure, in its curious dress that was neither this thing nor that, nor in the likeness of anything in the earth, or in the waters under the earth, was striding up and down again with the vengeful front of offended majesty—a spectacle to awe men and gods.

"Calm yourself, dear madam," Pauline said soothingly, wheeling a chair directly into the path of the Amazon, which pretty strong invitation to sit down she sullenly accepted. "Let us talk reasonably together, and avoid, as far as we can, stage rhetoric and gesticulation. To me it seems absurd to make comparison, with a view to establishing the superiority of one, between classes that sustain the same relation to each other that the members of one body do; but we will let that pass, and proceed from your conclusions. Granting that we are a superior order of beings, as you claim, and will maintain against the universe, is it well for us to spend our breath in windy assertions of our superiority, which, if it exists, may be so much more satisfactorily demonstrated by deeds? What would be our estimate of an individual who went raving through the world advertising his wrongs, and proclaiming on every public and private occasion, when he could gain a hearing, his Heaven-ordained preëminence over those who listened to him? Would we not be likely to think him a braggart and pretender, and deny him faith until he could bring the convincing proof of works to substantiate his boastful claims?"

"Aye!" retorted Mrs. Smythe, seizing upon the unguarded point, "and might he not in justice demand, as woman does, an opportunity to produce such proofs?"

"Soft! No one need go begging for opportunities to prove his superiority. If he have that in him, he will make opportunities. Woman, certainly, has no reason to complain that sufficient occasions are not offered her to demonstrate her capacity to serve in spheres wherein the mightiest spirits of all ages have labored, with results which she may have appreciated, but has never yet produced. Every department of art and science is open to her, and nothing but conventional restraints, easily broken, or natural limitations, which are tougher to overcome, can hinder her from walking side by side with her brother, or out-

stripping him, if that is her ambition. If I concede the truth of your theory, then, that woman is intellectually equal, and even superior to man, I can only say to every dissatisfied sister, clamoring for liberty and room to exercise her powers, 'The race is open to you; go in and win.' But when it comes to the question of necessary lucrative employment for the mediocre and unpretending talent of my sex, I confess I am perplexed, and cannot give advice so readily."

S. J. Tracy Smythe knit her black brows and brought down her foot as though she was exterminating vermin. "A coarse, hard, selfish, unscrupulous and bat-eyed man," said she vehemently, "could not argue the case more in his own favor, or fling the balance of power more in his own hands than you have done. You utterly ignore the shameful fact that woman is allowed no political rights whatever, and has not so much voice as the slaves under the old regime in making the laws by which she must submit to be governed!"

"Oh, woful fact! I overlooked it as completely as three-fourths of my sisters do, not feeling the privation at all. And yet it is possible that the problem which I have just confessed as perplexing to me, owes its existence to this very fact," Pauline said, musingly. "Well, dear madam, we must be patient. Ranting will not change, or hasten the fulfillment of eternal decrees. If we are not yet in the enjoyment of our full rights, it is because we are not prepared to make proper use of them, and the time is not ripe for our services in public capacities. Until men shall feel the need of our coöperation in the discharge of duties from which we are now excluded, and until women shall see that it is not as competitors in the squabble for prizes, but to supply that missing property necessary to reconcile present discordant elements, that they are to be incorporated into the body politic, 'Equal Rights' can scarcely prove a blessing, but only a multiplication of the evils that we now lament." Madam, we must be patient."

But madam only stamped her foot in fresh wrath. "This is the most contemptible cowardice," said she, with withering scorn. "You are afraid to stand up for your rights, lest you offend some petty tyrant who lords it over you—you creep, and cringe, and hug your chains, that the pompous masters may fling you flattering smiles, and toss you pretty sugar-plums of speech, while they inwardly laugh at your credulity and go on strengthening your fetters."

Pauline's eyes brimmed over with merriment again. "Upon my soul, Mrs. Smythe, I feel called, in the absence of any representative of the other sex, to speak a word in its defence," she smiled. "I could not sit by and hear Nero himself slandered, without a desire to say something in his behalf. Men would certainly have to organize for self-protection, if you and your colleagues should come into power. In the exercise of your new 'rights,' you would subject them to all manner of indignities and humiliations, and in the maintenance of your old rights to deference and consideration, you would not allow them to retaliate—they must be 'gentlemen' under all provocations. Indeed, if they, with equal justice, were to call you by such names as you have applied to them in the past half hour, you would flay them alive, and put them to roast on red-hot gridirons. If your present feeling may be taken as an earnest of your future action, you would 'out-Herod Herod,' and out-Pharaoh Pharaoh, and extirpate your natural enemies root and branch, preserving only a skeleton to place, for scientific data, among the fossil remains of defunct species. What a dreadful condition of affairs for us weaklings, who 'creep and cringe' for 'flattering smiles' and 'pretty sugar-plums of speech!' Now, for myself, I frankly confess I am not partial to strictly feminine combinations. Woman conventions, 'female prayer-meetings,' ladies' tea-parties, clubs, magazines, and the like, are things I cannot abide; and if to these should be added absolute and unqualified woman government—Heaven preserve us!"

S. J. Tracy Smythe rose up, with head towering like a giraffe, and spoke her valedictory. "My time is too precious to spend in listening to such frivolity. I came here in the belief that I should clasp hands with a kindred spirit—one of the anointed to lead woman out of the bondage under which she has groaned through long ages; but I find you a weak, slavish soul, ready to bend to a tyrant's will to win a tyrant's favor, and for the same reason making silly jests on a movement that ought to excite in you a feeling of profound reverence and gratitude. It is precisely such women as you who, turning everything connected with this holy crusade against despotism into ridicule, injure and retard the cause more than its open enemies."

"Stay a moment, madam," Pauline said, as her offended visitor turned to depart, "I want to assure you that I have not meant to hurt your feelings, and that your playful charges



have not hurt mine. Heaven forbid that I should ridicule any cause founded in justice and truth. And in this case it is not the cause itself, but the extravagance of some of its supporters, that excites my contempt. I feel as deeply as you can the need of some reforms, and see that those of our sex who are not shielded by love, are not sufficiently protected by law; but I believe the remedy for all this is not far off. At all events, if our 'rights' can only be secured by wholesale abuse of those who have power to grant them, I do not think they are worth the cost of self-respect that we must pay to get them. Is there not a better way? Instead of clamoring for the rights we have not, would it not be well to use wisely the rights we have, so preparing ourselves to use wisely the liberties that shall finally be ours as surely as a God of justice rules in human affairs? We need—the most of us—to be educated to some higher standard of thought and action; but while we avoid wasting our energies on objects wicked from very triflingness, we should beware of thinking that to write a book, to deliver a lecture, to hold a seat in Senate, are the noblest aims in life."

The door clanged violently, and Pauline, finding herself talking to bare walls, smiled quietly, and resumed her interrupted reading.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### WHY?

BY S. B. A.

I know he loves me now, but I did not know it then,  
And I wondered why he seemed so unlike all other men;  
I had seen them all as noble, all as gentle and as kind;  
I had seen them, too, as loving, and as much in heart refined;  
I wondered why he was to me so potent in command,  
Why he held my every thought so obedient to his hand—  
I, who ever had been wilful, in each act, and word, and thought,  
Yielding only when my impulse, or when duty said I ought.  
But now it was not yielding—'twas not impulse held me back,  
Nor was it sense of duty led me off my usual track;  
For indeed I did not know that I was not just the same,  
That my heart was growing tender, and my will was getting tame;

So I looked upon and wondered I should have to play a part,

When by every thought and feeling we seemed so like in heart;

And at last I came to fear that my caution played me false,

For my heart and head were whirling in a kind of mazy waltz;

And when I dared to think it, I knew full well that he

Made the music that beguiled, and had half bewildered me!

And still I wondered at it, again and yet again,

Why he drew my heart towards him so unlike all other men;

And then I struggled inly lest my soul go out too much,

And unfold itself too fully 'neath his skilful, sesame touch.

But then there came a moment when I was all unaware,

That he bowed his heart before me and laid its secrets bare—

When with his gentlest willing he led me off my guard,

And made me own the truth, that my heart was in his ward!

But not till he had asked it as a precious boon and rare,

To lay upon his bosom and bind forever there.

'Twas a day all bright with beauty, 'twas an eve of glorious calm,

The sky was full of gladness, the air was rich with balm;

'Twas late we sat and pondered, 'twas little that we said,

For I tried to keep my heart back, and reason with my head;

I could only half believe that he loved me as he told,

And I feared to trust his loving when my spirits had grown old.

But now ten years have parted, with their morn, and noon and night,

And I know that trembling girl has been ever his delight—

I know he loves me now, if I did not know it then,

And I know now why he seemed so unlike all other men;

I am sure 'twas that our Father had written him to be,

The father of my children, and a husband true to me.

Censure is most effectual when mixed with praise. So, when a fault is discovered, it is well to look up a virtue to bear it company.

## OVER THE STORE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Dency Stearns looked out of the small, dingy window-panes across the road to the potato-field, and the narrow yet low house on one side, with its faded green front door. The prospect was not a particularly attractive one, though, if you could ignore the immediate landscape, your vision could sweep out and gather into itself a wide coast-line, broken into by heaps of wet, rusty-looking rocks—rocks so laid and grouped that anybody with a moderate smattering of mythology, and a little aid of mist or moonlight, could transform into the gods and heroes of the golden age.

Poor Dency Stearns never got so far as this. Greek, and all that belonged to it, was literally Greek to her. In her childhood, her imagination might have vitalized the rocks into something like centaurs or monsters. Such things had chilled her thoughts then, and haunted her dreams with a terror like nightmare; but long ago the scales had fallen from her eyes, the rocks, with the white tongue of surf forever licking their feet, and the dried seaweed clinging higher up, shaking itself in the wind like locks of scattered gray hair, were only so many tons of solid stone.

Dency Stearns, looking out of the window, wondered what she was in the world for—thought she had not found it a particularly comfortable or desirable place, anyhow. I suppose a good many older and wiser heads and hearts than hers have thought and felt just the same.

Look at her now; if you want a fine heroine, you will never get her out of Dency Stearns. There is nothing brilliant or striking about the girl as I know of; her figure rather short and a little stout, though not clumsily so; her face moderately good-looking, a clear, healthy complexion, and early twenties and hard work have added some bloom to it. The eyes and hair match each other, and both are dark. If the face has fine possibilities of life and radiance that illumine and transfigure it as the sun moving upon the face of the waters, no one would suspect it now. For the face at the dingy window-panes has a kind of slow depression that does not belong to youth. It looks tired, worn, sad, and, to tell the truth, Dency Stearns feels all that now, and she has very good reasons for it.

As for her history, it's a good deal like herself—nowise remarkable. She was fatherless before she could remember. Her mother, a little faded, worn, nervous woman, had dropped out of life by the time the girl was well landed on her teens; and then she had naturally gravitated into Abel's hands.

He was her brother, and her senior by at least a dozen years—a large, burly figure, a rude, coarse-fibred nature, not without a good many gleams of shrewdness in it.

If the man was hard, and rough, and obstinate, if the atmosphere he carried about him was of the sort that inevitably repelled finer natures, if he trampled heavily upon delicate instincts, and if all sensitiveness of thought or feeling shrank from his touch, there is still this much to be said in his favor—he was not wantonly cruel; nay, he had a coarse, good nature in him, which on occasion developed itself into a generous or helpful act. Loud, and rough, and despotic, harsh or sullen, as the mood took him, Abel Stearns could be, and whatever were his faults, Dency had the benefit of them all.

He was a widower now, with four boys, more or less after the paternal type. Dency being hardly sixteen when the charge of these big, vociferous, freckle-faced and tow-headed urchins fell upon her shoulders. Their mother had been a woman of strong energies and sharp temper, and though their matrimonial atmosphere had not been without frequent storms, and perhaps its normal condition was a lowering one, with an east wind edge in it, still Mrs. Abel Stearns did manage in one way and another to exercise more control over her husband than any other human being had ever done.

The man kept a small grocery store, with a bar at the farthest end, where poor liquors were dealt out to customers, with small bundles of starch and flour and sugar; and the household of Abel Stearns occupied the rooms overhead.

Here Dency's youth had passed. She and her sister-in-law had, during the latter's life, got on remarkably well together, and the dying woman, in the last hour of her life, had bequeathed her sons to the care of their young aunt—a heavy legacy for a girl not yet out of

her seventeenth year. But Dency took it bravely, never dreaming there was anything particularly praiseworthy in her conduct; and certainly a thought of this kind never penetrated the brain of the boys' father.

He had a kind of clannish instinct in him somewhere, that made him feel it right to do for his own kin—an instinct which had impelled him to take Dency under his roof, though she had trebly "paid her way" from the hour she had entered her brother's door; but at the time he had not taken that into consideration.

So, for seven years had Dency Stearns been the mistress of her brother's household, doing its work with some intermittent help on washing and baking days, laboriously towing up the channel of their childhood into the broad bay of boyhood, four unruly, selfish, destructive urchins, with gaps of about two years betwixt the birth of each.

Whatever was in this girl at the beginning, the life and the surroundings here was not of the sort to develop her best and highest side; the finest nature must have been wilted and cramped under the slow wearing of such home influences.

Can you wonder that this girl had grown moody, sour, coarse in many directions? Yet something warm, tender and honest, had entered into her, which no treadmill of a life could ever wholly grind out.

In many ways the soil of that home of hers fell off from her soul. There was something clean and pure about that, which did not absorb many kinds of evil which would have tempted a different nature. In a vague way, her aspirations always hinted at some better, broader life; and as the years went on, though nobody ever gave these aspirations force and direction, she had made her way out into light enough to see that this was not the sort of life for her. She wanted something better, higher; the cramped, defrauded soul stirring itself like a bound captive, and making its moan.

I think this desire grew so strong that it would have goaded her long ago into going out into the world and making some better place for herself, if the remembrance of the dying mother's face had not restrained this impulse; and little Dency Stearns never suspected the heroism there was in this long self-denial of hers, nor that she would find some day that God had held it in remembrance.

For God was not much in this girl's thoughts; her tender, watchful Father, as Friend or Helper, in her weak human need.

In a certain vague way she believed in Him, associated Him with the pulpit, and prayers, and hymns she had heard on Sundays when she went to meeting, these occasions being usually marked by the possession of a new bonnet, or shawl, or dress. Poor Dency had her feminine vanities, you see; and something better than those, that in psalm or prayer stirred itself in a vague religious sentiment in her soul; of a sudden, her eyes would grow wet, and her heart, softened and tender, reach out in a tremulous way for this great unknown Power and Love.

Then in a little while it would go back to its old levels again—to the petty gossips, to the burden of household cares, to all the wear and tear of a life with no sentiment or ideal to touch with consecration its daily drudgery.

This afternoon, for a wonder, Dency was quite alone. That noisy tribe of nephews had taken a fancy to go off into the band of forest below the rocks, to search for whatever wood growths April had brought out in the shape of berries and leaves, and to give vent in a noisy, rollicking time, to that savage element which, despite our civilizations and conventionalisms, lurks in us all, and is sure to come out in a child when the conditions are supplied. Dency Stearns always had something the feeling of a released captive when she got rid of those boys for half a day, yet she had a strong affection for the great, lubberly, overgrown, motherless things.

She'd carried them through whooping-cough, scarlet fever, and measles; and several times they'd had a stout tussle for life; and all these things had gathered up a good many stray fibres of affection, and knit them into a cable strong enough to hold her anchored fast in the small, dull rooms over the store.

It was an April day, the sun coming out warm and bright one moment, and melting the faint frostiness that still lingered in the air, and then slipping behind some white drift of clouds—these hung in lazy, uncertain fashion all over the sky, the wind steering them as it listed, as circumstances do many a weak soul; yet it was April; the clouds might take a fancy to concentrate their forces and pour down a shower any moment.

Dency Stearns was used to the luxury of a "good hard cry" once in a while. She had wept off a good many fits of the blues, and her atmosphere would be clearer for days afterwards; even the boys felt the change, and their fibre was not very sentient in any direction.

This afternoon it could hardly be said that she cried; yet it was a miserably hopeless mood that possessed her; the slow tears oozing out of her eyes, and crinkling the landscape into all sorts of strange shapes, a dull, sick pain and weariness all through her, body and soul.

Do you want to know what sort of perspective there was to this girl's future, looking out of the window over the store that afternoon—that perspective, narrow and close as it shut down, real to her, you must remember.

There was the woollen factory—hard work from sunrise to sunset six days out of the week, and she might stretch her wages to cover board and clothing of about the sort that Abel furnished now. There was nothing sufficiently attractive in that view to stimulate any motive power toward the woollen factory.

Then she contemplated, as she had a thousand times before, a trade—dress-making or millinery. But the people in Briarsville were ambitious of city fashions, and had their best work done at a metropolis fifty miles off. Besides that, Dency was quite too necessary to the comfort of Abel and his big boys for him to consent to any arrangement of that sort; and where were bread and shelter to come from while she was learning her art?

The old life stretched before Dency Stearns thus—the same daily round of cares, the same dull nights, the same view from the little window over the store.

Suddenly looking out there, there came some new life into the girl's face; a little start, then a keen watchfulness at something she saw coming up the road.

If you had looked also, you would have seen only a tall, loose-jointed, shambling figure, a thin face, lantern-jaws hidden under a heavy yellowish beard, hair that matched the beard, and eyes that, when you looked in them, had something bold and bad lurking there, and that might leap out on occasion into a foul or evil deed; at least, I think a man would have read them so who was accustomed to dealing much with the dark, temptible side of human nature.

Dency Stearns, all the dullness and gloom gone from her face, watched the course of this figure as it came up the road, something working down in her thoughts she could not herself have put into words; but it was vital for all that, and made up of repugnance, alarm, suspicion.

The figure did not go by the store. She had

felt it would not all the time, though she had tried to cheat herself with a hope that the man would pass on. He stopped, took a cigar out of his mouth, looked inside—for the grocery door generally stood open at that time of the afternoon. Then the man glanced around on all sides, in a sort of furtive way, under the heavy eyebrows, as though he wanted to make sure of whatever was in sight. He caught a glimpse of the girl watching at the window, and bowed to her, a sort of leer in his smile that made her instinctively draw back and shut her eyes; for every thought of Dency Stearns, as I said, was clean and pure.

Then the man carried himself, the bold eyes, the coarse yellowish hair and beard, the heavy, shambling gait, into the store, and it seemed to the girl that some blot had passed from the landscape.

But she did not see that long, though she stood at the window still, drumming on the panes, with some doubt and perplexity on her face, which gave it a very different expression from the one which it had worn just before, and which had made the face of Dency Stearns look so old and homely.

What was this man, who called himself Austin Lowe, doing at the store? What had he been doing there every day for the last week? What bond was it that drew him and her brother together? And why did the man always come at just this hour of the afternoon, when everybody else was likely to be absent, unless it might be some child or woman running in for some of the small wares in the way of thread and needles, which Abel called "a kind of trimming" to his heavier goods.

Nobody knew anything about this Austin Lowe. He represented himself as captain of some fishing craft, and had turned up at Briarsville about a month ago, and boarded at the old turnpike tavern. There was no doubt but he had seen a good deal of the world, and knew something of men. He was fond of coarse jokes and stories, and when he dropped in occasionally of an evening, he kept the men hanging round the bar, in loud peals and guffaws of laughter, the sound coming up through the boards to Dency, and always making her shiver and glance anxiously towards her nephews and hurry them off to bed.

If those boys ever came to anything—and, looking at their heads, one took some heart for them, despite a good many inherited tendencies toward boorishness—they would own



it to this aunt of theirs, whose youth and hope they were fast wearing out.

In the household, certainly, she hardly carried herself with the sweetness and serenity that one expects of a guardian angel; she had her whims, and tempers, and crotchets. The youngest knew that "Aunt Den's" moods must be taken into account, and that the granting of an especial favor depended less upon any real claims it might present to her judgment, than on getting round the right side of her.

But Dency Stearns loved purity. She hated with her whole heart whatsoever was low, mean, double-handed.

"Nothing is so contagious as example." She lived this purity, honesty, this hate of all meanness, trickery of every sort, before those boys, and she made them more or less love and live it.

In all the manhood to come, it must go hard with them if they were able to get that old feeling out of their blood; that one sound, tough muscle of integrity in their moral nature would stand test and strain under which it might be many a more delicately reared soul would go under; and these boys' father swore when he was angry, which was usually every day, and served out grog in the back grocery; and Dency, who lived over the store, and cooked, and darned, and scoured her hands red and hard, never dreamed that she was doing any better work than this for the young souls about her.

Drumming on the panes there, the trouble in her face deepening as she feels that something wrong is brewing—she can't tell in what quarter, or how it is to shape itself, yet her instincts teach her that this bold, bad man talking with Abel now, is at the bottom of it. Of late, too, she has noticed a change in her brother; he has been harsh and sullen at times, at others, full of loud, coarse fun, that was not just like him—that had something wrong, desperate—a sort of "devil-may-care" sound in the ring of it.

Dency Stearns was one of your wide-awake, observant little bodies, and she had noticed all this, and felt a vague uneasiness. Of late, her instincts had pointed towards this Austin Lowe as the cause of her brother's general defection. They drank deeply together, she knew. Abel, who liked his glass, but was usually on his guard not to exceed what he could bear, had come of late, from his long interviews with this man, more or less overcome with liquor.

He had been brutal to the boys, or would, if Dency had not interfered; though to tell the

truth, she was a little frightened herself at something she had never seen before, and that looked dangerous, in her brother's eyes. And when the effects of the liquor had passed off, there was something hard, brooding, desperate in the mood of Abel's face; or was it her fancy? still drumming—drumming unconsciously on the pane.

She would not have kept silent once over all this; for, if the truth must be told, with all his doggedness and blustering manner, Abel stood in some wholesome fear of his little sister's tongue; for it had a good deal of power to cut, sting, or rasp, when she was roused. But some instinct had taught her that his late moods went beyond her power to deal with them, and closed her lips from uttering one word.

I do not mean that Dency Stearns had put all her vague prescience of coming evil into sentences, as I have done; she was more accustomed to feel than reflect in all cases; but of so much she was profoundly conscious, she had never in all her life felt so great anxiety regarding her brother as she now did; and this afternoon her thoughts and fears took a form and coherency which they had never done before. What mysterious bond drew those two men together down there in the little back shop? What were they talking about now, over their tobacco and whisky?

The man that looked up at her a little while ago, from the steps down there, with that bad, bold, cunning gaze, could not have anything good to bring to his fellowship with any human being. She just wished he'd go off "where he came from," and leave her brother alone.

Then her thoughts hunting about and getting more perplexed and worried all the while, she just resolved to let the whole thing go. "What was the use of her fretting herself into fiddle-strings over Abel's doings? He was a man, and capable of taking care of himself. If he wasn't, he must take the consequences of keeping bad company. She'd better set herself to work, than waste her time over surmises and suspicions."

This was the way Dency reasoned; and she turned towards a great pile of blue woollen stockings that lay on the table, with yawning heels and toes—the fag end of the last week's wash spread out to dry.

There was something almost ludicrous in the grim, downright energy with which Dency rushed at this indigo pile, seized a ball of blue yarn, and sat down at the largest aperture in the heap, resolved to work that off, and to

work off her troublesome thoughts at the same time. But these thoughts proved to have a wonderful life and tenacity. They returned upon her fourfold, despite the darning. They told her that, say what she might, she could not cheat herself—she did care what became of her brother. She had not toiled and moiled all these years for him and his children, to be indifferent now, when she felt some danger in the very air—some evil in the shape of that Austin Lowe, drawing near him.

Suddenly there crossed the girl's memory a speech that her brother had made several times of late. She did not know that it had produced any strong impression on her at the time. Why did she start and wince over it now? What had brought it back to her of a sudden, as she sat there darning in the silence?

He had said it always in some sullen, dogged way—something hard brooding in his face—"That the store didn't pay; that he'd about played out this way of living from hand to mouth, and that it was time he'd made some money, or he'd be a poor miserable dog to the end of his days."

Once Dency had put in, in her quick way—"Land knows, I'm tired of delving, too, at this rate. I'd like to see an honest way to a little money, too."

There, you see, it came out again, the girl's simple, straightforward integrity, unconscious, too, as her very breath, but pervading and salting all she said and did. That would never lose its savor. When Dency Stearns saw her way to any money, you might be sure it would be an honest one.

Abel had taken her up with a loud, sneering laugh. "Honest way!" he said. "That sounds jist like a woman. Confounded little money got now-a-days in that way, I reckon."

Dency was not certain that she had minded the laugh at the time; but now it came back and fairly froze her. The stocking she was darning fell from her hands. Her white lips glued themselves together. With the memory of that laugh, some new light had flashed into the girl's brain, and it had seemed to strike and stun her; for the whole thing was clear to her now. This man, Austin Lowe, was instigating her brother to the commission of some crime, laying the net, digging the pitfall day after day. This was what the secret comings meant; this explained the hardness and desperation that had brooded of late on Abel's face.

For awhile, Dency Stearns sat there like one in a dream. The conviction had taken such a

grip on her soul, that she hardly tried to force it away. The thought of crime entering her household, was a black horror that fairly stunned her—seemed to soil and mire her all over.

Then she thought of those boys with a sharp, yearning tenderness—of the dead mother, too, with a pang that choked her, so that she rose right up with a quick gasp for breath, and stared all about her like one suddenly gone mad. Yet, in her secret soul, Dency had always had a doubt of her brother's straightforwardness. She did not regard him as a thief; she thought he would shrink with something of her own horror from the commission of a crime, notwithstanding she believed he might do, upon occasion, what she would designate as a "small, sneaking act," that he would take a little unfair advantage, practise some small deception on a customer, gloss over the facts with regard to his wares, or something of that sort.

Perhaps this lurking consciousness of some moral twist in her brother's nature made the sister a little more downright in the expression of her own sentiments.

Be that as it may, however, something which before had only been an unacknowledged feeling, now shaped itself into terrible proportions and meaning. Yet what could she do? Her instinct of helpfulness prompting her to action at once.

But how was she to act in this matter? Look at it on any side, she would find it baffled her. Any step she could take in this matter, seemed calculated only to defeat its purpose. She had no data of any sort on which to base a conclusion; and if her brother discovered her weakness there, as he would if she accused him of any evil designs, he would only be outrageously angry.

Moreover, he was in the power of a bad man, and who could tell what the two might do to silence her? Not that Dency was afraid of any personal violence from her brother—at least, not any of a dangerous kind. Her worst thoughts of him never went to such depths as that; but he was the tool of a bad man, who had gained a thorough mastery over the weaker one.

Should she go down now and surprise them at their machinations? She thought of the leer in Austin Lowe's eyes, and how both men would laugh her to scorn.

There Dency Stearns sat, her fingers working together restlessly, her face white, her thoughts trying to grope their way out of this

darkness. Suddenly she wrung her hands apart. "Oh, God! help me!" she cried, her soul turning to Him in its human strait and weakness, and feeling, as probably she never had before, that this God was a living Power, strong to succor and deliver those who put their trust in Him.

The small back room where the liquors were sold was partitioned off from the larger front one, and commanded a view of the latter; a pair of narrow, steep back stairs, seldom used, and threatening to necks and bones, led down into an entry, at the end of which, on one side of the cellar stairs, was a small, stifling closet, closer and darker than any cell. Nobody ever used this, although the late Mrs. Abel Stearns had occasionally held a threat of incarceration there over the heads of her obstreperous urchins, and found it a wholesome terror, that answered her purpose better than the strongest application of slipper or birch rod.

This dark closet was separated from the bar-room by only a thin board partition, and was favorably situated for hearing whatever went on inside.

A thought of this closet flashed suddenly across the tumult going on in the soul of Dency Stearns. Her face suddenly calmed itself into a fierce resolve that glued up the parted lips and set every feature into white, rigid sternness.

She went into the little bedroom, exchanged her stout shoes for a pair of worn slippers, and then stole down the back stairs, groping her way softly—no rustle of garments, no sound of footsteps.

So, the narrow entry gained at last, she crept noiselessly over to the dark closet at one end. There was a mumble of voices as she went in and closed the door. It was the first time in Dency Stearns' life that she had ever listened to conversation not intended for her hearing. An hour later, she came out of that closet, groping her way back through the narrow entry, and up the steep stairs. If she had carried a white face into the darkness, she brought one out that looked as though she had faced death there, her lips livid, her eyes strained, and with some shock or horror in them.

In a few moments the boys returned, loud and hilarious with their taste of savage life out in the woods. Dency did not once check them. She set about getting supper; for the whole set were greedy as wild animals, yet she moved about like one in a dream, and that face of hers gradually subdued the riotous crew, as no words could.

When the tea was ready, a loud knock on the floor brought their father up in due time.

Abel Stearns was a man hanging somewhere about his early forties, stout, thick-set, coarse, but not bad-looking features, a black fringe of beard on either side of his large red cheeks, his hair a dingy brown, inclined to baldness on the top.

He was surly to-night, but the boys were used to that, and wise enough not to irritate his worst moods, which of late had seemed his normal ones.

A close analysis of his face showed some signs of feebleness of will, and where that exists, there are lurking dangers that may suddenly spring up and surprise one like wild beasts in a lair—a coarse, obtuse man, over whom some stronger soul might gain an evil mastery.

During supper, Dency scarcely opened her lips. She poured the tea and distributed the milk, and buttered the bread for the younger boys, hardly opening her lips; but her face still the face of one over whom some great shock has passed and almost unsteadied the brain behind it.

Whatever it was, however, Abel Stearns was too much absorbed to notice. He munched his food silently, only once in a while growling at the boys, when their spirits ran too high.

When supper was over, he rose up and went to the window, searching the clouds. They had gathered heavier with the sunset, and spread over the sky a cold, bluish-gray tint, much like the color of the sea. The wind, too, had risen, beating in from the shore angrily, and with a voice that prophesied a storm.

There was a moon, however, large and pale, showing its face in a kind of scared way every few moments, where the coverings of clouds were thinnest.

Dency watched her brother with eyes keen and bright as some wild animal's. "Are you going to be off to-night?" she asked, each word seeming to drop a dead weight from the white lips.

The man started, turned round and looked at her in the dusk. If you could have seen his face just then, you would have known something wrong was brewing behind it; there was some cowardice and lurking guilt in the glance.

Dency, sitting there, did not so much see as feel all this. She half sprang from her seat; an impulse seized her to go straight over to her brother's side and tell him what was in his thought at that moment; but a glance at

the children restrained her. If she was hasty, she might thus defeat her own object, and she wanted time to gather up her scattered wits and reflect. It would not do to rush headlong in a matter of this kind.

"Likely enough I shall be out awhile, and likely enough I shan't. Either way, you hadn't better set up for me," answered the gruff tones of Abel Stearns.

She knew beforehand what the answer would be likely to prove. It all depended upon the telegram which had been promised at the tavern, whether Abel Stearns was out or in his own bed that night.

Then he went into the other room. She heard him fumbling a moment at the drawer; but that was nothing unusual. Afterwards, he took the heavy tread and burly figure down stairs."

Then Dency got her charges to bed, something in her voice and manner subduing the mirth more and more, and even checking the protests which each was disposed to enter against being sent off an hour earlier than usual.

When the room was cleared, she went to the window again, and looked out. The night had settled now; a wild sort of night, with winds fighting through it, the moon's face wrapped up in the thickening of the clouds a feeble light struggling down to the earth. So the girl stood there, trying to gather up her wits and look this awful fact in the face. If she could only get that odd feeling out of her head, just as though somebody had dealt it a heavy blow and left a dull jar and pain behind. If she went down stairs, called Abel aside, and told him the thing she had learned that afternoon in the dark closet behind the bar, and held his sin up to his face, would it transfix him, or would he rave and swear, and perhaps end by knocking her down, and go away doing this which had entered his heart to do?

Should she go out and disclose what she had learned to the authorities, and blacken her brother's fair fame forever, or would a threat of doing this and an appeal to his better feelings, give her any hold on him? Liquor, beyond a certain amount, always made him cool and desperate. She was sure he had drank to that point now—that the mood of Abel Stearns would be to any who crossed it, hard, defiant, brutal.

Standing at the window, pacing the small chamber back and forth, the trouble in her face, the irresolution in her very gait, Dency Stearns turned around, that something in her

thoughts that seemed like a fire, scorching and blackening wherever it touched.

At last she started and glanced at the small clock on the mantel. Time had gone swifter than she had suspected. There was not another moment to be lost.

She went down the front stairs into the store, hearing the voices of the customers all the way—a sort of incoherent jumble of talk and laughter. She found them, as usual, lounging on the chairs and the counter. Something in the face or voice of the girl suddenly standing among them, made the men suddenly silent.

"Where is Abel?"

A young clerk, who usually waited on the store in the owner's absence, lifted his head from some depth of a sugar-barrel, the tin ladle in his hand. "He went out about half an hour ago; said he might not be back for an hour or two."

"Was anybody with him?"

"No; I b'lieve not."

"Has Mr. Lowe been in this evening?"

"Yes; I think he dropped in a few minutes before Stearns went out; didn't stay long, though." That was all the clerk had to tell; she knew what lay behind.

Dency Stearns went out of the room, feeling her way along the stair banister, a sick faintness all over her; but up-stairs once more, brain and heart seemed to steady themselves. The girl went at once to the bureau, and pulled at the lower drawer, where Abel kept a loaded pistol; this fact having been the subject of some very strong remonstrances on her part, as she feared for the boys, who always had their hands on everything in the house not under lock and key. Abel had promised to remove the balls; but he was a careless fellow; and Dency knew what such promises were worth.

It was as she had suspected. The pistol was gone. Dency threw a shawl over her head, and darted down the stairs and out of the house. She took the road leading over to the turnpike which led up towards the hills, and which at last made a conjunction with the depot, ten miles from Briarsville.

So Dency Stearns hurried breathlessly along, not knowing when she encountered a human figure, one dread and one purpose had so fully possessed her, and the cold winds chilled the air, and the moon, with her face hidden behind the clouds, lighted with its faint, wan light, the path of the flying girl.

— Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Marsh were driving



over to Briarsville from the depot that evening. He was a young man in his early thirties, who had lately joined the partnership of the woollen mills at Briarsville, these works having given the town, for the last six years, a certain commercial notoriety.

The young man had been married only a couple of months, and business demanding his presence frequently for a few days in the village, he had once or twice brought over his wife to Briarsville, making a virtue of necessity, and taking rooms at the only tavern which the town afforded, and the best apartments and the best service of the house were at their command.

Mrs. Benjamin Marsh quite enjoyed the new experience. Indeed, the little lady was rather disposed to invest everything now-a-days with the rose hues of her honeymoon.

She was a charming little woman, all grace, and bloom, and sweetness, something in her movements and whole bearing reminding you of an Eastern lily, with its pensile grace and its sweet, haunting perfume.

"Are you quite warm and comfortable, dear?" said the young husband, drawing the buffalo skin a little closer about the lady's feet.

"Oh, yes; thank you, Ben; but what a desolate road this is, and what a wild, dreary night; I shall gladly hail the sight of that old one-sided tavern, with its double rows of red, blinking windows."

"We shall be there in half an hour, Emeline. I feel as though I was a sort of brute to bring you over here on such a dark night, and to such quarters, too."

"I don't see how you could help yourself, Ben; for I had set my mind on not letting you go off without me;" with a little defiant laugh all along the words—a laugh which you rather felt than heard.

What reply the lover-husband would have made, never transpired, for at that moment the horse, whom Mr. Marsh had kept ever since they left the depot at a smart canter, started and plunged on one side.

"Oh! what was that, dear?"

"I'm sure I don't know," giving the reins a jerk. "Some freak of the animal's, probably."

"But I really thought I saw a dark shadow like a human being, moving in the road a moment before."

"That's because you're a little coward, Emeline."

These words, however, were hardly out of

the man's lips when he, too, caught sight of the figure which had startled both the lady and the animal.

The moon, among the thin, watery clouds overhead, struck a pallid light into the darkness. The figure was that of a woman, with a shawl on her head. The wind struggled for the folds as she rushed forward. Had some wild thing that haunted the low, darkly-wooded ravine on one side, burst suddenly into the road?

Benjamin Marsh was certainly no coward, but the sight of that strange, wild figure, which seemed to have sprung from the earth, impressed even his strong nerves more than he would have liked to acknowledge. He checked his horse, and in a moment the thing, whatever it might be, ghost or human form, had sprung to the side of the carriage.

Mrs. Marsh clung to her husband, her face frozen into a white terror. "Oh, Ben! what is it?"

"Don't be frightened——"

There was no time for any more words, for, wringing its hands, the wild, frightened, half coherent voice of a woman, burst out—"Don't go any further; they are waiting for you a few rods off. They mean to rob you! Perhaps they will kill you. Fly for your lives! I tell you the truth; God is my witness. I have walked all this way to-night to save you."

At such times, thoughts flash swiftly. In a moment, Benjamin Marsh saw through the whole thing. It was known at Briarsville that he was to come over this road to-night, and known, also, that he frequently brought large sums of money with him, to pay the mill hands. To meet various additional expenses, he had brought with him an unusual amount this time—over thirty thousand dollars. Although never seriously apprehending danger, he was in the habit of taking a pistol when he travelled over the road, but this time he had singularly forgotten it.

He had just reached the loneliest point on that desolate road, too; no house within a mile, the long, black ravine stretching on one side, the narrow, turbulent river on the other. He thought of the woman sitting by his side, and the strong man's heart beat thick. The woman's voice, whatever she might be, carried conviction with it. Benjamin Marsh wheeled his horse suddenly around, when the woman burst out, with a low but awful cry—"There they are! It will be too late!"

They heard no more. The horse, who seemed

to scent the danger, too, tore along the road to the nearest house, which they had left a mile away. But as they rushed along, the report of a pistol caught the ear of the man and woman in the carriage; and then a sharp, swift cry. And again the lady, her sweet face frozen with terror, clung to her husband. "Oh, what does it all mean?"

"There! be quiet, child. It means there is some awful villany close at hand; and if we escape, as I pray God we may, that woman has saved us."

The two men who had sprung suddenly from the thick covert of the woods, and caught sight of the retreating carriage, rushed forward, as it disappeared. "What does all this mean?" said the taller of the two, with a terrible oath.

"I don't know, Lowe. You must have hurt something when you fired; I heard a cry. We wasn't to use these, I thought, unless the party was desperate?"

"There's something in the wind we don't know of, Stearns. Better keep a close mouth. They've scented the game," said the other, in a whisper; and the two men hurried on, in the darkness and silence.

In a few moments they caught sight of a large, dark heap lying on one side of the road. The sight chilled them both. "I wish I'd been in my grave afore I set out on this night's miserable work," muttered one of the men; and the other laughed, a low desperate, bitter laugh, and said it was too late to turn "anxious sinner" now.

They drew up to the heap in the road; the figure of a woman lying there, with the shawl tossed over her head. Just then out of the vesture of wild gray clouds the moon put her troubled face a moment, and looked at the woman on the ground. So did the men, the taller of the two saying—"It wont do to be squeamish now;" and he drew away the shawl, while a sick horror and terror held his companion, so that he could move neither hand or foot, only glare down on the figure lying there.

The face was turned on one side; the moon touched it with some wonderful pathos and softness, which perhaps it had never worn before, when the man's clumsy fingers lifted the shawl away.

Then the other cried out—an awful cry, that would have pierced your ears and shaken your heart—"It is Dency! You have murdered my sister, Austin Lowe!" and with that cry, he sank down on the ground, grovelling and moaning over her.

Austin Lowe stood still a moment, looking on the face touched with the moonlight; then without uttering one word, he walked off and disappeared, and Abel Stearns was left alone with his sister.

The awful agony of the man must have melted a heart of stone. He had not strength to lift up the white face on the hard ground; he bent over it with slow, terrible moans, each one shaking the burly figure, as sobs shake a child, with only one consciousness that his sin had found him out, and this was its punishment! The man during all this time did not attempt to find out where the hurt lay, or whether it was mortal; some old words that he had learned long ago in his boyhood, coming out now, and drifting back and forth with the wild surge of his thoughts—"The wages of sin is death."

All this time Abel Stearns never so much as asked himself what could have brought Dency four miles from her home on that lonely highway at that time of night. The whole thing was, in the man's eyes, a thunderbolt of judgment dealt on his guilty soul by the hand of God Himself.

At last on the white face lying there under the watching moonlight, there was some faint stir of life. What a greedy cry of joy broke from the man's lips as he saw this!

Of a sudden, new strength came into Abel Stearns. He lifted his sister's face upon his knee, and in a moment she opened her eyes, and heard his—"Oh, thank God! thank God, Dency!" She had never heard such words from his lips before.

She stared around her. There was the wild sky overhead—the moon looking frightened out of flying clouds, the dark shadows of the trees and the black ravine shutting them in on one side, and there too was Abel leaning over her, his face all broken up, horror and joy making an awful struggle in it.

Her scattered thoughts gathered themselves together—"Oh, Abel, have you done it?" she whispered, voice and face seeming to shrink away from him.

"No; but I thought they had killed you, Dency. Are you hurt?"

She tried to sit up, but her head fell down again. "I believe it's in my arm," she said.

Abel tore away the sleeve; the shot had entered the girl's arm, and the wound was bleeding profusely. Abel staunched that with his pocket handkerchief.

Then the man asked in a sort of scared whis-

per—"How did you get out here to-night, Dency?"

She told him all she had heard that day, in the little dark closet behind the bar-room, and how she had walked, or flown, all the way from Briarsville that night, determined to save her brother from that foul crime, if it cost her her life.

"Oh, Abel! is that dreadful man around here?" glancing about her with frightened eyes, as she finished her story.

"He's slunk away. He thought he'd murdered you. We shall never see his face again—Oh, Dency! my hands are clean of crime, but I shall never forget this night's work—never!"

There was a sound of teams, now, and voices up the road. The Marshes were returning once more, well guarded, and prepared for attack; the only thing to be done was to disappear in the ravine until they had passed, and then get home as speedily as possible.

The horse and wagon which had brought the two men on their guilty errand still remained in the woods at a little distance. Abel bore the half-fainting girl to the vehicle, and they returned home by a by-road, and in less than two hours after he had left the store, he was behind his counter again; for this was necessary in order to arrest any suspicion of the facts; for there was no doubt that the affair would be thoroughly investigated.

The next day the whole story went like wildfire through Briarsville, but nobody suspected that Abel Stearns or his sister were actors in it. All that was known, was this—that there had been an intention of robbing Mr. Marsh that night on the turnpike, as he rode over with his wife from the depot. The plan would probably have succeeded if some woman, who must have been in the whole secret, had not stationed herself in the woods, rushed out as the carriage drove past, and revealed the plot just in time to save the intended victims.

It was altogether a mysterious affair, and around this nucleus of facts there was a marvellous accretion of the wildest stories and conjectures. Briarsville had never come so near having a tragedy before.

At last suspicions concentrated themselves on the stranger who had been lounging about the tavern for a month, and had suddenly disappeared—nobody knew where. He was not discovered; but stringent inquiries were started, and these revealed that the man was an accomplished burglar, and had already served out two terms in the state prison.

The two men had made a conjunction a couple of miles from the town that night, and as they had not been seen together, the faintest suspicion that Abel Stearns had been engaged in the plot to rob Benjamin Marsh never entered a human soul, much less was Dency suspected of being the strange woman who had risen out of the darkness and the woods to warn the travellers of the peril impending over them.

But Abel Stearns was a changed man from that hour. The iron had entered his soul—the awful lesson of that night abode with him. His household felt the change in some new gentleness and thoughtfulness, and although the man, coarse-grained, and burly, and blustering, still disclosed itself in speech and manner, yet below all that was a conscience waked up, and one that made its power and meaning felt at last. As for Dency, she had acquired a hold on the rough nature she had never attained before. Her brother could not but regard the sister who had shown such promptness, faith, and courage to the death, as his better angel; and looking at his boys, the man remembered, sometimes, that their father might be now in a felon's cell, or swinging from the gallows, if Dency Stearns' heart or brain had failed her; he remembered this and shuddered.

As for Dency, she did not recover for some time from the dreadful shock she had undergone. The wound was not dangerous, although troublesome, and her long faintness that night was owing less to loss of blood than to the strain of body and soul. A change, too, had come over the girl; a new poise and serenity which the boys felt and which had its effect on them. Altogether the life "over the store" was pleasanter than it had been.

Three months had passed, and it was now midsummer, and Mr. and Mrs. Marsh were again at Briarsville.

One day the lady said to her husband after their return to the tavern from a drive down to the shore—"Don't you remember that, I said to you, Ben, that I should know the woman's voice, if I ever heard it, who met us that night on the turnpike?"

"I remember, Emeline."

"Well, I've heard it to-day!"

"Nonsense, child! what tricks your fancies play you women."

"But you mustn't laugh at me, Ben; I'm really convinced of it."

"Where, and when was it, then?" voice and face perfectly sceptical.

"When we alighted to hunt for the shells. You know there were a good many people on the beach, and some of the children were running into the waves and frolicking with them. There was one boy, a fat, freckle-faced urchin, who ventured out a little beyond his depth, and a woman's voice suddenly raised itself and called out in a swift terror—'Davy! Davy! you'll get drowned! Come right out of the water.' It was the voice of the woman who met us on the road that night."

"Are you certain of it, my dear?" a little impressed by this time.

"As certain as that I live."

"How did she look?"

"Very well—young, and a rather pleasing face—dressed very well, too; not richly, of course, but in good taste. I found out her name before I left."

"You did? What was it?"

"Dency Stearns. Common people, you know. Her brother keeps a small grocery store, and a bar-room behind it, and she keeps house for him and a tribe of lubberly boys, over the store."

The gentleman mused a few moments, his hands clasping his knee, his face grave. "You may be right, my little wife. I should like to sift this matter, but I don't see my way through it exactly."

"Benjamin, won't you leave it all to me?" said the lady, coming round and laying her soft hand on his shoulder. Everything she did in harmony with herself, ladylike and graceful.

The man smiled up in her face. He never could resist any plea there. "Yes, you shall have it all your own way, dear. If this be true, which—forgive me—I very much doubt, we owe that girl something not easily repaid. Do you think you can really ferret out the facts?"

"I mean to try," said the lady; and at that moment one of the mill partners knocked at the door.

The next day, Dency Stearns had a call. The moment the elegant woman, with her sweet face and soft voice, and graciousness of manner that won all hearts, entered the little parlor chamber, poor Dency knew that the facts had transpired. Still, the girl tried to control the flutter at her heart, the choking at her throat, and gave the lady a chair as well as she could. Then she sat down opposite her guest, her face white and broken up with agitation.

Mrs. Marsh made a few commonplace remarks on the weather, which Dency managed to answer, the fright in her face all the time. Then, pitying the girl, the lady spoke—"I am sure I have heard your voice before, Miss Stearns. I recognized it at once on the beach yesterday."

In a moment, Dency had granted the whole. She was not a good actress. She burst out, shaking from head to foot—"Don't betray us! It was all that man's doings. Abel has repented of it."

Mrs. Marsh went right over to the girl, taking the brown, toil-hardened hands in her white, soft ones. "My poor child, I shall never betray you," she said. "Benjamin and I owe you a great debt. Trust me as your best friend."

At last she won upon the girl's heart, and Dency's fears for her brother allayed; she told the whole story; but sometimes her sole choked her; and more than once Mrs. Marsh cried with the girl.

In all her life—Mrs. Marsh told her husband that night, when she related to him the result of her interview—her sympathies and interest had never been so keenly awakened as for this one brave, lovely, hard-worked girl, who never once suspected the heroism of which she had proved herself capable.

"We must do something for her, Benjamin—lift her out into a broader and brighter life."

"To be sure we must. That hangdog brother of hers may thank himself that he goes 'scot free' for his sister's sake. But that act of hers was, as you say, 'heroic.' What a shrewd little woman you are, Emeline. I should never have bungled at the truth as you have."

The next day, Mr. Marsh had a talk with Abel Stearns, and I think he took away a better opinion of the man's quality than he carried into the store.

"Not a villain," as he told his wife, "only the tool of one."

Into the girl's lonely life, Mrs. Marsh brought some new forces from that time. In a thousand graceful, womanly ways, she wore her gold and purple threads along the gray pattern and broader opportunities at home, and a way from it opened for Dency Stearns.

Yet she never bloomed into a fine lady. The time for that, if it had ever been, was long past now, and I have told you there was nothing remarkable about her.

"Those boys," too, always stood in the way of any grand plans, which Mrs. Marsh,



who was strongly attached to the girl, ever formed for her.

On one thing, however, she did insist, and that was that Dency should be "cooped up no longer over that store," and persuaded her husband to build a little nest of a cottage among green shrubberies, on a bit of rising ground that overlooked the mills, and caught a glimpse of the sea, and was altogether the prettiest thing in Briarsville.

The parlor and front chamber were reserved for Mr. and Mrs. Marsh, whenever they visited the town; and Dency, with her boys, was installed mistress here, no crowned queen ever going into her palace prouder and happier than this girl went to her new, pleasant home, from those low rooms "over the store;" and

here were south windows, where "the sun wrote with every winter's morning a golden prayer upon the floor," and every summer morning the birds and bees repeated it in the flowers that blossomed around the southern door."

My story has no grand nor eloquent ending, because this girl's life had none. Most people's haven't, and she is still putting the best of herself into the youth of those boys, and growing, with every year, a little softer and sweeter, and I think that they too are growing with every year, a little finer, and manlier, and better.

After all, can much more be said of most of us?

## BIOGRAPHIES.

BY S. A. WENTZ.

A few days ago I read a memoir of a lovely young girl, and that which did me most good in the whole book, was a passage which asserted that in her childhood she had been very selfish, but the careful training of her parents, and her own earnest efforts, had changed her character in this respect, and she had grown more than usually unselfish. I knew this fair maiden in her childhood and self-sacrificing womanhood. I wished the memoir had given

a full, broad picture of her life, instead of one side of it. Extracts from her letters and journals were only of a religious character; yet it is more than probable that these same letters had contained every-day pictures and incidents, which would have done good by showing how she lived in the earth of her spirit. We are all going where that which is covered will be revealed, and when I read a biography that gives but one side of a character, I think to myself—"The people who have read this book, when they die, will be anxious to meet the hero or heroine in the spiritual world, to be sunned in the dazzling goodness they have admired; how great will be the mortification of both parties, when expectation is disappointed."

It may not always be disappointed; the departed angel may be even better than the biography portrayed; yet if persons were described after death, as if they were to be met and known, it would be much safer. It is

nothing to be ashamed of, that we are hereditarily faulty; this faultiness is something to be taken for granted; but he is the truest benefactor who shows in his own person to the world how faults may be overcome. The life of the Countess Ossali is a glorious success in this respect. Who shall despair of conquering a tendency to untruthfulness, after reading her grand victory—her allegiance to perfect truth?

Once I visited a gallery of Mr. Huntingdon's beautiful paintings. I read in his pure female faces—especially in Mercy's face, that he was a good man; but I revered his magnanimity when I saw that one of his first poor daubs was displayed; it really seemed astonishing that he could ever have drawn anything so miserable, when one looked at his more perfect works. This daub was a generous encouragement to every new beginner. When we see another's growth in art or in goodness, it gives us vitality and hope. We say, with heartfelt joy—"I too may become so different from what I am; I too can set the imperfections of the past far behind me!"

Biographies of public men usually tell what everybody knows; public speeches are even given. The life before the curtain is reflected from the life behind in most cases; but it sometimes happens that there is antagonism—that public life is fair as the apples of Sodom, and he who is courted abroad, is dreaded at

home; there is almost always a leanness in the domestic life of a man who is much before the world; this is his misfortune rather than his fault; his nervous energies are drained by incessant demand, and when he reaches the shelter of home, he longs to shut his eyes and not say one word to the wife who loves him better than all others together. The wife of a distinguished divine, said to her daughter—"Never marry a celebrated man: everybody will be better entertained by him than you; and as years roll on, the public will take him from you more and more; you will become the household machine that prepares his eating and sleeping."

There is much bitter truth in this; but the only remedy for it, is a congenial marriage. Mrs. Child says—"I believe the domestic bond will never reach its possible height of perfection till women occupy their thoughts and feelings with all that occupies the thoughts and feelings of men."

If we were to judge of a person's religious character by his religious musings and aspirations as written down in a diary, how mistaken might we be! We all fervently aspire to get rid of our naughtinesses, and in sincerity and faith pray for deliverance; all very well as far as it goes; more than half the time, it goes no farther. Now if an innocent reader were to peruse these written prayers, he would suppose the saint who penned them went right away to clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, offering the other cheek for castigation, and so on; whereas, the individual might have gone to the library, to luxuriate in a volume of poems, or to the pantry, to partake of mince-pie, or to the sitting-room, to look like Hamlet, because a shirt-button was missing.

We protest against being treated to written aspirations, unless a biographer can show us how the winged desire was pinned to a deed; when he does that, he stirs the very fountain of endeavor, and makes a plain path for our doubtful feet. Every written life should become a highway to follow, else it is not worthy of record. If a journal is kept truthfully, it will often start blushes to the writer's cheek, and here is its chief use; he grows who blushes to detect himself as he is. One of the best tonics in the world, is to sit down every day for two weeks, and pen down each time some remembered meanness; if one's charity does not flow like a river after that, he certainly has not set down the meanest thing he ever did.

In speaking of others, it is often a virtue not

to mention defects; but when one sits down to write another's life, it is a wrong to the community to show an unfair picture. We need to be educated in the great art of loving others, though they possess faults; we need to cultivate a higher admiration for the man who dethrones a meanness within himself, than for the man who did not originally possess it; we come near to each other in our humanity, and grow warm with divine heat when we look each other in the face, and say—"I am faulty, but I shall become royal through victory!" Did not our beloved Christ drink the cup of temptation, and ascend on high, leading captivity captive?

There is morbidity in the desire to conceal parts of a biographical life; if it cannot be fairly presented without wounding the feelings of those living, let the book remain unwritten, or let it be nobly and truly written, and let its publication be delayed until none live to mourn; this is not unjust, inasmuch as all the truth will be revealed in the Upper Country; it is in the light of such possible revelations that we should live and act.

#### EIGHT TO SIXTEEN.

Lord Shaftsbury recently stated in a public meeting in London, that, from personal observation, he had ascertained that of adult male criminals of that city, nearly all had fallen into a course of crime between the ages of eight and sixteen years; and that if a young man lived an honest life up to twenty years of age, there were forty-nine chances in favor, and only one against him, as to an honorable life thereafter.

This is a fact of singular importance to fathers and mothers, and shows a fearful responsibility. Certainly a parent should secure and exercise absolute control over the child under sixteen. It cannot be a difficult matter to do this, except in very rare cases; and if that control is not very wisely and efficiently exercised, it must be the parent's fault; it is owing to the parental neglect or remissness. Hence the real source of ninety-eight per cent. of the real crime in a country such as England or the United States, lies at the door of parents. It is a fearful reflection

There is an old age of the heart which is possessed by many who have no suspicion that they have anything old about them; and there is a youth that never grows old—a love which is ever a boy—a Psyche who is ever a girl.

## THE CONFLICT OF TEMPERAMENTS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Difference of temperament is the cause of frequent misjudgment. The ardent and impulsive fail to comprehend the cool and reflective; while the latter are always liable to make unjust estimates of the former. We see this every day.

Two or three years ago I met a friend named Hallam while in a state of considerable excitement. He is one of your quick feeling, impulsive men; and as such men usually are, hasty in his judgment and strong in expression. He came into my office in a hurried way, his face hot and his manner nervous.

"You look disturbed," I said.

"I am disturbed," he replied, his eye flashing with an angry light.

"What's the trouble?" I inquired.

"I've just been to see Scranton, the mean, suspicious, miserly, cold-hearted, brutal old rascal!" was answered, with a look of disgust not unmingled with chagrin and disappointment.

"And the interview has not been a very agreeable one, judging from your state of mind."

"It has been anything but agreeable. He treated me with ungentlemanly rudeness. I'm so angry I can scarcely contain myself." And he walked about the room in that agitated way we see in very nervous persons when strongly excited.

"Sit down and calm yourself," I said in a quick, steady voice.

He sat down.

"Now tell me what has happened between you and Mr. Scranton. There must have been some misunderstanding. I have always found him kind and gentlemanly—looking past, as I do, a certain cold abruptness of manner that has its origin in temperament."

"There was no misunderstanding at all," replied Hallam, sharply. "It was a case of insulting rudeness. Scranton never misunderstands. He's too much of the icicle for that. If he had been angry and off his guard, I could have forgiven him. Hasty speeches, made when a man's blood is up, I can look over. I know just what they mean—how much should be treasured, and how much forgiven. I am hasty myself. But, your cold-blooded, self-poised, insolent people, who never

lose self-command, and always mean just what they say, I can't abide. And Scranton is just such a man."

"But you haven't given me the head and front of his offending yet," said I. "Why did you call on him?"

"Not to ask a favor for myself, you may be well assured."

"So you went to ask a favor?"

"Yes."

"And your request was denied."

"I was insulted!" His eyes flashed with rekindling anger.

"In what way?"

"The story is soon told. I called to ask his aid in making up a subscription."

"For what purpose?"

"To give a poor woman a start in business."

"Who is she?"

"Her name is Milton."

"What of her?" I inquired.

"I met her only recently, but her case interests me strongly. She has one child, and is living separate from her husband. Her father, at his death, left her about twenty-five thousand dollars. She married a specious, unprincipled fellow, who only wanted her money. After spending that, he abandoned her to her fate. I made her acquaintance at a friend's house last week, and heard her story from her own lips. It is a sad one in every aspect; and gave me the heart-ache. She is utterly destitute, and eating the bread of charity; but anxious to help herself and live independently. A few of us are interesting ourselves, and mean to raise a capital of about one thousand dollars to set her up in some little business. It is but a common duty of the strong to the weak. True neighborly kindness to a weak neighbor is shown in acts which help him to help himself."

"And Mr. Scranton refused to join you in doing this neighborly kindness?"

"Yes, meanly and insolently refused," answered Hallam, with reviving indignation.

"What did he say?"

"As I told him my errand, I saw his countenance change. There is not much of light or warmth in it at any time; but the few gleams that touched it here and there, faded all out, until it became absolutely frigid."

"I can't do anything in this case," he answered, almost before I was done speaking. His manner was rude."

"But, Mr. Scranton," I continued, resolved, in my anxiety to serve Mrs. Milton, not to be put off easily, "this is a case of no common interest. Let me give you some of the facts."

"Excuse me," he replied, frowning and moving restlessly in his chair, "I had rather not hear them; and if you'll take my advice, you'll be a little chary about taking up the case of every plausible stranger you happen to meet. I say nothing against, but certainly shall do nothing for Mrs. Milton, or whatever she may be pleased to call herself."

"Good morning!" I said and turned off abruptly. I was angry, and he knew it. I waited until my friend came back again to some degree of coolness.

"Perhaps," said I, "he knows this Mrs. Milton a great deal better than you do."

"He never heard of her in all his life before!" was positively answered.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because I am sure of it. He's a mean, miserly old wretch, without a touch of human sympathy in his nature."

"No; in that you misjudge him. Mr. Scranton I know to be a kind-hearted man; but he is prudent and thoughtful. Mere feeling is rarely if ever permitted to govern his actions. He must see a thing to be right before he does it."

"The calm head, and the cold heart! Faugh! I can't endure such men."

"They serve society best in the long run, I take it," was my answer. "But, to come back to Mrs. Milton. My reading of Mr. Scranton's language and manner is against her. He never talks idly. Depend upon it, his 'Whatever she may be pleased to call herself,' has a meaning that you would do well to consider."

But he flouted the idea, and repeated his strong sentences against Mr. Scranton. Six months afterwards, while in company with Mr. Hallam, the thought of Mrs. Milton crossed my mind, and I said:

"What of the poor lady in whom you were so much interested awhile ago? Did you get the thousand dollars and start her in business?"

"Don't talk about her!" he replied, a red spot burning on his cheek. "She was a handsome swindler—took our money, and went off to New York to buy goods, but forgot to return."

"Mr. Scranton was not so far wrong after all," said I.

"Beg your pardon!" Hallam quickly replied. "He was wrong."

"Not as against your fair swindler."

"But as against humanity, of which she stood the representative. You needn't try to bolster up Scranton. I know his quality. I've read him through and through. A cold-hearted, selfish, mean, unsympathizing man."

It was in vain that I defended Mr. Scranton. Hallam would hear nothing in his favor, and continued to denounce him as unfeeling, heartless and brutal.

A year afterwards he came to me in great trouble of mind. His affairs had gone wrong. Temperament had been against him. Feeling and impulse had drawn him into perilous conditions. Some of the warm-hearted, fair-speaking, sympathetic business men he liked so well, had betrayed him to his loss; and others, whom he counted on certainly as his way became difficult, refused a helping hand.

"There is no friendship, no heart, no generosity, no humanity in the world!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "If things go well, you get fair speech and gracious smiles; if ill, cloudy looks and the cold shoulder."

I found that a certain man, a merchant with whom he had for a long time been on intimate terms, held him in his power, and was about pushing him to the wall. He had just been to see this person, who not only refused to hold back an execution, recently issued, but treated poor Hallam with a discourtesy that chafed him sorely.

"I know of but one man who can help you," said I, after clearly understanding the state of affairs.

"Who?" he asked, eagerly.

"Mr. Scranton."

The light went out of his face.

"I happen to know," I continued, without seeming to observe his change of manner, "that he has some influence with this Mr. Storm, who is crowding you so closely. In fact, there exists such a relation between them that if Mr. Scranton strongly disapproved the course he is taking, Storm must desist."

"Poor comfort in all that," replied Hallam gloomily. "Why should he disapprove?"

"Our estimates of Mr. Scranton differ," said I. "You have suffered feeling to blind you in regard to his real character. Now, I consider him a just man, and a kind man. He never acts from mere impulse. He can always give you a reason for what he does."



Hallam shook his head.

"In the case of your fair friend, whom he refused to help, there was more in his conduct than you imagined, as I have since learned. He knew all about her."

"He did!"

"Yes. She was the wife of a relative, passing under an assumed name. All the admonition he felt free to give at the time, you received; but you were angry and did not heed him; you were angry, and misjudged him."

Hallam was surprised.

"This information," I added, "changes your position in regard to Mr. Scranton. You see him from another point of view."

He did not reply.

"Take my advice and go to him. State your case plainly, and ask him if he cannot help you. He will listen to you patiently, and if he can see the way clear, will render you service. If his head is cool, his heart is warm. I know the man. But he will only act from a just judgment in any case. My word for it, if you can make him see that Storm is acting from that selfish eagerness which will have its own, no matter who or what suffers, he will say to Storm—'Not one step farther in that direction;' and his word will prevail."

My friend's peril was so great, that he could not turn from any fair offer of help. I was positive and urgent. So he went to see Mr. Scranton. In leaving my office, he said:

"I'd rather go to be shot." He looked pale and wretched.

Half an hour afterwards he returned. His step was light, his form erect, his countenance so changed that he scarcely looked like the man who had turned from me with a most painful air of dejection only a little while before.

"All right," he said, almost cheerily. "You knew the man better than I did."

"Sit down and tell me all about it." I was, of course, interested.

He sat down, saying:

"I had to drag myself there. Twice I stopped and turned back; but, when I turned, all before me was black and hopeless. In only one direction was there any promise of escape. So I went on again. Mr. Scranton was sitting at a desk, writing, when I entered. He did not see me as I approached him, and I had to speak. He looked up, and I expected a frown; but his face lighted with a kindly expression."

"Can I have a few words with you, Mr. Scranton?" I said. The words so choked me that I could hardly bring them into utterance.

"He drew me a chair close to the desk where he was sitting. As I sat down, he replied, encouragingly, 'As many as you please, Mr. Hallam. Say on.'"

"The ice was broken. My heart was lighter. I could breathe freely. What a sense of relief I experienced. As soon as I could collect my thoughts, I told my story. He listened, without a movement or a response. What a calm, self-poised man he is! I saw that he was interested, but could not tell whether he would be for me or against me. After I had finished, he asked a great many questions; questions that made it plain to me that he not only understood my exact situation, but was concerned for me. He then pointed out several mistakes that I had made, and showed me that certain things I purposed doing were not best. What a sound judgment the man has."

"Give yourself no further trouble about Mr. Storm," he said, at last, when he fully comprehended the case. "He is not acting right. Call and see me to-morrow, and if you will submit a full statement of your affairs, I will advise and help you in every proper way. I see that you mean to do justly, and that is all in your favor."

"I thanked him with tears in my eyes. I feel strongly, you know; it is my nature. But he was as cool and calm as an October evening."

"You will submit the statement of your affairs," said I.

"Oh, yes. He has won me over. I will trust both his head and his heart."

"You may do so with confidence, for his heart is kind and his judgment clear. Mere feeling never betrays him into an act that reason does not approve. If your case had not been just—if he had seen anything like fraud or overreaching, he would have turned from you and denied you. No appeal would have influenced him. He would have stood unmoved by your distress and danger, and seen you go under without putting forth a hand to save you. Such is the man. You may say that he is of granite, or iron—that he cannot have natural feeling—that he hurts the weak and sensitive—or make a hundred such allegations against him. But it will be hard to find a case where, through blind feeling, he has been unjust, or the oppressor of innocence. He will not give money to have his name in print; nor to help the unprincipled or vicious; nor to encourage the idle and self-indulgent; nor to stand fair with his neighbors. All appeals to him are in vain that do not reach his judgment."

"It is well to have such men in the world," replied Hallam. "They are as granite pillars; or as keystones in arches; or as piers and abutments. If I am not bruised in striking against them, if I am held up by their calm and rugged strength, I can appreciate their value. But if they stand at any time in the way of my over-ardent impulses, and I am suddenly hurt by contact, feeling will blind me to their worth, and I will misjudge them. I know my weakness—I know my temperament. With what strange differences we are made! How little do we understand each other!"

A knowledge of our infirmity is said, by the moralist, to be half the cure. For all my friend Hallam's intimations to the contrary, he is more careful in his judgments of men, and is not so hard on the cool and unimpulsive as formerly. He has proved the worth of solid principle—and understands the value of men who represent piers, abutments, and arches.

#### WHAT WORKMEN MAY BECOME.

It is not given to all to be masters of song, like Burns; of art, like Palissy or Gibson; of engineering skill, like Stephenson; of critical acumen, like Gifford; or of abstract science, like Ferguson or the elder Herschel; yet these at first were all poor or working men, who gained their education by their own efforts—who did battle with pinching poverty, lack of educational means, prejudice of class, and all those lions which stand in the way of men of weaker mould, who "let I dare not wait upon I would." All cannot be field marshals in the army of life, but somewhat lower, yet very honorable grades, have been attained by men once in the ranks, who, while never for a moment despising the labor for which they gained honest bread, were not disposed to consider that working, eating and sleeping are all that is worth living for. Their daily labor honestly and intelligently performed, they felt themselves to be free citizens of the empire of thought in which men take rank according to what they essentially are, quite independently of the conditions of their life. When the sun shines, it shines for all, lord and laborer; and the precious instincts which make men believe in good and beautiful things, treasure up and nourish the suggestions of universal nature, and cultivate the talents intrusted to their care, are bestowed as impartially as the sunshine. Look into any biographical dictionary, and you will see how little the circumstances of early life have been able to impede the careers of really great men.

#### THE DESERTED HOUSE.

BY EBEN REXFORD.

The sunshine falls in amber bars  
Across the green and swaying grass,  
And bends to kiss the clover stars  
That nod to greet me as I pass.

The roses by the garden wall  
Drop down a shower of fragrant tears;  
What sweet sad memories they recall  
From out the far-off, vanished years.

Sweet memories of a child's pure face,  
With eyes as blue as violets are,  
Lit up with youth's divinest grace,  
The meek pale beauty of a star.

And then a shadow falls between  
That tender face and memory,  
The shadow of a grave grown green;  
A grave forever green to me.

I wander down each grass-grown walk  
Where often in the happy past  
We used to stroll at eve and talk,  
Oh! sweet, glad time! too sweet to last.

I cross the threshold. All is still!  
No footstep echoes through the hall;  
I cannot feel my pulses thrill  
With gladness at a loved one's call!

I look into each empty room,  
And see no dear, familiar face,  
No smiles to greet me through the gloom  
That shrouds each well remembered place.

This is the room where mother died;  
Here is the saddest spot of all;  
We saw her drift adown the tide,  
Beyond her children's yearning call.

"Meet me," she said, "where there is rest."  
Her blue eyes caught a heavenly glow,  
With calm, sweet quiet in her breast,  
She went where God's beloved go.

I linger here beside the stair,  
And listen for some dear old voice—  
But all is silence everywhere—  
No sound to make my heart rejoice.

How truly memory will repeat  
The mellow music of a laugh,  
The pattering fall of childish feet,  
When life has lost its brightest half!

Oh! empty house, and empty heart!  
Where are the ones you held of yore?  
Ah! I am weak! why should I start  
As a faint shadow on the floor?

My eyes fill with unbidden tears,  
I cross the threshold with a sigh  
For the fled brightness of the years  
That died. Old silent house, good-by!

## BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

### MILLY'S DREAM.

BY EDEN REXFORD.

Little Milly sat down by the window, and looked out upon the green meadow. She heard the brown robin singing to his nestful of downy children on the old cherry-tree by the gate, and saw the gay yellow butterflies flying through the warm, sunshiny air, as lazily and slowly as though there was nothing for them to do but enjoy life.

But she was not listening to the robin's sweet hymn, or watching the velvet-coated butterflies. If you could have looked into her brown eyes, you would have seen, oh! such a far-off look, as though she was trying to look away down into the years that were to come. And you could have told, by looking into those sweet, clear eyes of hers, that the tears were not far away from the veined eyelids, as she sat there by the window on that pleasant afternoon.

"Oh, dear!" Milly said at last, with such a sad little sorrowful sigh that I know you would have had tears in your eyes to have heard it—"Oh, how I wish folks never could die, but live always! Poor mamma! Poor mamma!"

And then the little brown head, all over rings of silky shining hair, fell on the little hands clasped together on the window-sill, and Milly closed her eyelids together very closely to keep back the tears that would come, in spite of all efforts to keep them down. How terribly her heart throbbed with its sorrow, and its fond memories of the mother she had lost, and the remembrance of the low grassy grave where she was sleeping.

Just one month before they had laid Milly's mother down under the long grass and the daisies on the hill-side, and Milly thought, when they took her away from the new-made grave, that her heart was breaking. How could she go back to the home where everything told of mother, and where mother's loving words and winning ways and smiles had left an influence that would always last? How could she lay down at night in her little white bed without first kneeling at mother's knee and saying her little prayer, and feeling her good-night kiss upon her forehead, and hearing her say, in the sweetest of all voices she had ever known—"God bless and keep my little Milly?" And when the last sod had been laid over the grave, and the old white-haired minister had said the last words of the solemn and beautiful burial-service, she had thrown herself down upon the earth that covered away from her sight forever the form of her best and truest friend, and had remained there, weeping, oh, so bitterly! and with such an awful feeling of loneliness at her heart, till her father had

taken her up tenderly from the ground, and carried her back, along the meadow-path, to the home where such a desolating shadow had fallen.

How still and empty the old house seemed when the old way of living was taken up again! But it was not the old way, either, for there was something gone out of it. There was a great blank, and nothing could be found to fill it. When we lose our mother, we lose something that can never be replaced, or made up to us again. We have a void in our hearts, and there is a sense of loss all about us. Everything tells us of the dear one who used to smooth our tangled locks and kiss our faces as tenderly as though there were no other faces half so dear, or looks that held half so much brightness in their meshes. And some such thoughts were in Milly's heart when she laid her head down upon the window-sill, and sobbed out, oh! so pitifully—"Poor mamma! Poor mamma?"

Milly had no little brothers or sisters to turn to in this first great sorrow of her young life. She had a warm and sincere friend in her father, but he could not give her the mother-love which her young heart longed for. He had always been very kind and tender to her, and since the death of her mother, had been more so than usual. But a father's love is not like a mother's, though it may be just as deep and enduring. And with no one to whisper those words of consolation and cheer which would have made her grief less bitter and more easy to be borne, is it any wonder that Milly wished there was no such thing as death or dying?

The warm and quiet day was full of a sleepy influence, and after a little, worn out with her weeping, Milly fell asleep, with the tears clinging to the long lashes that fringed her eyelids.

And Milly dreamed, as she slept, that she was sitting down in the meadow by the old apple-tree, that every summer bore such a great crop of rosy-cheeked apples. The sunshine fell all about her in golden drifts, and the crimson clover-heads nodded and swayed in the breeze, like red-capped soldiers on drill. She heard the twittering of the robins in the green branches over her head, and when the wind blew that way, she could hear the clear ring of the haymakers' laugh in the field beyond, and the cling of their scythes when they sharpened them.

And Milly thought that after she had been sitting there a little while, a soft shadow that was not like the shadows we see when the sun is hid, came down all about her. It lingered for a little, then grew thinner and thinner, and at last was all gone.

And when it had floated away, Milly saw a form in white garments before her. Her heart gave a great throb of pleasure, and her face was all over one great, glad, joyful smile; for she looked into the face of her angel-mother, the face of one who had won the strongest and best love of her young heart, and around whose stronger and more mature nature the tendrils of her affections had wound themselves so firmly that when the call came from over the river it was like tearing apart a limb from its parent tree.

"Oh, mamma! mamma! Milly's mamma!" The glad tears broke over Milly's eyelids with that cry, so full of deep gladness. It was like the glad, yet sorrowful cry of a grieved baby when it finds rest on its mother's breast from whatever frightens or troubles it.

Milly's mother opened her arms and caught her poor little darling home to her heart. She held the little brown head on her breast, and kissed the sweet face that Milly held up—kissed it once and again, while the old mother-love shone out like sunshine from the dear, loving eyes.

"Mother's Milly!" whispered the dear, sweet voice again, more full of music to the child than the solemn and beautiful tones of the organ which she had heard so often on Sabbath days, when the choir sang sweet hymns of God's love and goodness. "Mother's darling! Mother's little one!"

I think if you or I could have heard those sweet pet names as they sounded in Milly's ears, we could not have kept from weeping. They seemed so full of love and yearning for the little one that had been left behind, when she went through the doors of Heaven and found the peace and glory of the Better Land.

"Oh, mamma!" Milly said with her arms about her mother's neck—"I have been so lonesome since you went away! Why didn't you take me with you when you went to Heaven? I don't want to stay here any longer if you can't stay here too! Mayn't I go back to Heaven with you, Mamma?"

Milly's mother sat down upon the mossy rock at the foot of the apple-tree, and with her little one in her lap, she told her that none but those whom God calls home to His Happy Land, can cross over the river to the world where those who love and fear Him always have a home.

"You remember, don't you, my little Milly," she said, as she held the curly head against her bosom, "those verses that I used to read to you out of the Bible about coming to God? None can go to God unless He is ready, and calls for them. God knows what is best for all of us. We may want to live to be old. God may not see that it is for the best for us to do so. He may see fit to make our lives short, and we may think, when we come to die, that it is hard to leave the world; but Milly, remember always that God can see farther than we can, and that whatever He does is for the best, though we may not see how it can be. Sometimes we may get tired of living. God sees us at such

times, and knows what is for our best good. There never was a friend half so tender, and true, and loving as He is. If you love Him, Milly, now when you are young, and always trust Him and ask Him to help you when you feel as if your sorrow were too heavy for you to bear up under alone, He will help you and be near you ever and always. God is a friend that will not change as earthly friends do. If we love Him when we are children and follow the path that He points out to us as the Path of Life, He will love us when we are grown up to be men and women. If we are sure of the love of God, and feel His protecting care about us, we have something that will be worth more to us than all the riches we could gain if we were to live to be a hundred years old. We cannot prize God's goodness too highly. It is a shield against the evil of the world. When we are tried by sorrow, and tempted by sin to do things that are wrong, and that are forbidden by God, we need only ask Him to help us, trusting and believing that He will do it, and we will always be safe. Always turn to God when you feel the weakest and most like being overcome by temptation, and ask for strength. Ask Him every morning, when you rise up from your bed, to be near you through the day, and He will put His love around you and hold you up in your daily life, be it pleasant or full of thorny places.

"Remember that God is over all, and that He is wiser in all things than we can ever be. What He wills is always for the best, and as such we should always accept it. Never murmur at His work. Bow beneath His rod if He chastens, but look up, believing and trusting that it shall lead to something that shall work for good to you. Do always as if God's visible eyes were on you, and you will have His peace and presence always with you."

Milly's mother bent down and kissed her child's white face again, with the glory of the other world shining out from her clear, sweet eyes. The deep and solemn words she had uttered for her child's instruction, struck home to Milly's heart and made a deep and lasting impression there.

And with that last kiss, Milly awoke from her sleep—awoke to find that it had all been a dream, and that no mother's arms had been around her, no mother's voice made pleasant music in her ear.

But, somehow, the sad and dreary sense of utter loneliness was gone. There was a lonely feeling still, and always would be, when she thought of mother; but she felt as though there was another friend upon whom she could depend, a friend who only waited for her to ask Him to help her. She wondered that she had not thought of Him before. She had thought of Him, but not as one who could take the place of her lost mother, or lessen the weight of grief that had fallen on her young life. But now she turned toward the source of all blessings and asked that He would guide her, and be a Friend better than all other friends to her. And



Milly knew that her prayer was answered; for a great peace stole into her heart, and she felt a deep and sacred trust in God's goodness and mercy.

That night, Milly crept up into her father's lap and told him of her dream. He listened to her simple story, and while she told him of her mother's words of comfort and advice, he, too, felt that God was a true friend to every one who seeks Him. And when Milly's bedtime came, she knelt at her father's knee and said her little prayer, and felt that God's love would make life worth living for, even if it must be without her mother's presence in their earthly home.

### SQUIRREL FANNY.

"That's my papa!" shouted little Eddie, as a well-known step was heard on the stairs, at the close of the short winter's day, and Master Eddie bounded to the door.

His exclamation of—"Oh, papa! what have you got? What is it?" in such an eager tone, drew us all to the door.

"Softly, my son," and Eddie's father placed what we thought at first a box, but which we elders soon saw was a squirrel-cage, on a table in the dining-room.

"But what is it, papa?" the four-years-old Eddie kept asking, till we all volunteered an explanation.

"A real live squirrel, and all my own?" and with wistful eyes and almost suspended breath the boy waited for Mrs. Squirrel to come out and show herself. But nothing would make her leave her nest in the "little house," as Eddie called it, and so the little fellow had to be contented that night with hearing the story of how his father came by it.

"Bought it of a boy who caught it in a trap, and has partly tamed it, named it Fanny, and sold it to me," was papa's explanation.

Eddie went to bed, after stealing out to the dining-room in his night-gown to see if Mrs. Fanny had not ventured out. And as no sign of life appeared around the cage, he was half inclined to believe it all a hoax. But next morning, lying in his crib, he heard a noise as though a mouse was scrambling about in the dining-room. Creeping softly down from his crib, he opened the door just as softly, and peeped out. There stood the cage on the table, and the wheel was going so swiftly that for a moment the boy could hardly tell what propelled it. But soon he saw a pair of shining eyes, a long, bushy tail, and with a shout the boy sprang forwards, frightening the little creature back to its retreat, and awakening us all.

"I saw it; I did, papa. But won't it come out again?" he said, as he clambered back to bed to wait till the fire was kindled.

Squirrel Fanny grey tamer as the days went on, and grew to love little Eddie and recognize him as her master. She was a beautiful little creature,

with her sleek gray fur, her bright eyes, and long tail, which, when curved over her back, made her look, as Eddie said, as though she was "sitting in a rocking-chair."

Eddie, and indeed all of us, spent many pleasant moments watching her as she ate her food in her nice, delicate manner, or whirled the wheel round and round so swiftly that she seemed a little bunch of fur rolling over when she stopped running and clung to the wires and let herself turn with them.

After a time, Eddie's father ventured to open the door and give Mrs. Fanny the liberty of the room, and she grew so tame that she used to run all about, perching herself on Eddie's shoulder, and diving into his pockets to get the nuts and corn he always carried there for her. She would eat cake, bread, and apples, and I think was very happy in her indoors life.

I remember one day, the sharp nibble she gave my finger. I was sitting on the floor talking with Eddie's mother, with my hand on the floor beside me, when a sharp twinge made me draw it quickly up, and off ran Mrs. Fanny as if afraid of a whipping. Eddie said she thought the end of my finger a piece of bread, and Eddie's father said she thought to give me a lesson against a school-teacher's sitting on the floor. So I got not much pity.

And two other sly tricks I remember of hers. One was the running up the sleeve of Eddie's mamma's dress, as that lady sat at the tea-table one night. Squirrel Fanny jumped on her lap, ran up the deep flowing sleeve to her shoulder. Of course the lady screamed, for Fanny's little sharp claws were not very pleasant to feel. But, as her husband said, she shouldn't wear "such abominations as those big sleeves!"

Now the pride of the lady's heart, just then, and the chief ornament of her dining-room was her new extension table. It was a New Year's gift, and very much the lady prized it. Whether Mrs. Fanny heard all the talk about its being "real black walnut," and wanted to find out for herself, I don't know, but I do know that one day being all alone in the dining-room, she deliberately gnawed little bits out of the edge of the new table in spaces of a few inches apart. For this naughtiness she was sentenced to close confinement in her cage for a week.

Poor Eddie felt almost as badly as Fanny because of her disgrace, and plead very eloquently in her behalf that she might be forgiven, and at last she was again allowed the freedom of the room, with strict injunctions to her little master never again to leave her alone when out of the cage.

Now Mrs. Fanny lived and thrived a year or two after this, and was really regarded as one of the family. But, alas! one day she refused to eat, the next she seemed too weak to move, and all the dainties her little master procured for her would

not tempt her appetite. And one morning she was found dead. There was mourning and some weeping in the family, just then, for as Eddie said—"If papa didn't cry, he wanted too." Sure am I that if the rest of us didn't cry for Fanny, we cried out of sympathy with Eddie, who shed tears no boy need be ashamed of.

Mrs. Fanny did not have a funeral, as most pets do. But her little body was sent to the city, and in a week her skin, stuffed and mounted on a stand, came back, and was placed on the "what not" in the parlor.

"Looks just like Fanny; but oh, dear! it isn't her," was Eddie's comment, when first he saw it.

All this happened some years ago. Eddie is a lad now, but if ever his eye sees this sketch of "Fanny Squirrel," he will be pleased to learn her biography has been given to the world. And better pleased to learn that both he and his squirrel are not forgotten by

COUSIN VARA.

## THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

### "UNCLE GRUMBLER" UPON THE "CHIGNON."

We have received another communication from Uncle Grumbler relative to some of the prevailing fashions of hair-dressing. He says:—

"I know I am an 'old fogey,' at least I suppose I am, as my saucy niece Nellie assures me a dozen times a day of the fact, says I have been left over by a great mistake from a past generation, and declares she should like to set me back a hundred years into the middle of the last century, just to see how I would like it, as I am so dissatisfied with affairs in the present day.

"Well, I believe I am an 'old fogey.' If to admire Nature in all her beauty and simplicity, untrammelled by modern gewgaws is to be an old fogey, then I confess myself open to the charge. If a desire to see more common-sense exercised by the young ladies of our day, and more show of heart, (which Cousin Jennie assures me they do possess largely, notwithstanding their infrequent exhibitions of the same,) constitutes an old fogey, then I am one undoubtedly. Above all, if to hate heartily—the ugly modern excrescence worn upon the back of the head, and known as the chignon or waterfall, is to be an old fogey, then I not only confess it, but am proud of the distinction.

"My nephew, George, just turned of eighteen, (the age when young gentlemen first begin to twirl a cane, and pretend to be connoisseurs in matters of feminine loveliness,) and myself not long since were walking down Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Before us minced a young woman, her hair screwed up in the latest agony of the waterfall style. I was just about to point out the deformity to my young relative, when he fore-

stalled my remark with—

"I say now, uncle, that's a knobby waterfall, aint it? I've been admiring it all the way down town." I looked at the young ape in perfect

amusement. To what depths of folly have our sex

in a age, descended, when a young man finds a

bunch of frowzy hair piled high upon a young lady's bump of self-esteem a sufficient subject for his unqualified admiration. I wanted to draw him out farther, and answered, quietly—

"Your illustration is most apt, my boy. It does indeed resemble a door-knob more closely than anything else. It is just about that size and shape. Of all the chignons I have seen in the various cities of the Union, this little knot worn by the Philadelphians is the most ridiculous."

"Oh, I didn't intend that," he explained; "I mean aint they stylish? and then they show off the shape of the neck and head so beautifully."

"I began to fear the lad had lost his senses."

"And do you think that there is anything particularly beautiful to be revealed in the back of one's neck and the frowzy short hair above it? No, my boy, Nature always knows how to dispose of her graces with the best effect. She knew there were few necks could bear such exposure, and, therefore, she made the hair to fall over them, and tucked away all the short, stiff hairs underneath the silken fall where they might not be seen. But woman, with her usual perversity, will drag all her imperfections to the light, and in this last fashion she certainly has outdone all her previous efforts to make herself ridiculous."

"But then, uncle, you must admit that at the face it is a very becoming style."

"Never, my boy, never commit yourself to a thing which wont bear examination on both sides. You are not skilful enough a general to keep all your young lady friends at all times marshalled 'front face,' and the view at side and rear is positively horrible."

"But the little curls about the face are becoming."

"Ugh! They make our young ladies look like a parcel of overgrown babies; and I can't separate them from curling tongs, molasses and slate-pencils long enough to become enamored of them."

"You do pick the girls to pieces most unmercifully."

fully, uncle. But you must acknowledge that the little hats they wear are cute, and—

"I shoved the lad off the sidewalk out of sheer impatience. When I had recovered my breath sufficiently to articulate, I continued—'Those hats may really, without any pun, be called a "crowning abomination." One end resting upon the bridge of the nose, the other elevated like a telescope, and pointing off into space, aiming apparently at the zenith. They are devoid of either grace or beauty, and, as for use, a butterfly alighting in the same place would render equal service.'

"You are very severe, uncle."

"Severe! I haven't commenced to discuss the chignon question yet. I haven't said a word about the false hair used in their construction, and the places it is procured from. Here is a neat little paragraph which I cut from a paper this morning:

"At Gibraltar there was lately an auction of horsehair, chiefly purchased by the coiffeurs, and so destined unquestionably for chignons. How the convicts at Gibraltar would laugh did they know that fashionable ladies were indebted for their chignons to the contents of the condemned mattresses of the convict establishment.

"I suppose you knew before that the hair of convicts themselves throughout Europe is very generally sold for this purpose. I suppose it is a pleasant thought to you that those huge bunches are all alive with minute animals, politely termed "gregarines" or "pediculi." How many of the fair creatures of your acquaintance, do you suppose, are afflicted with ringworm, caused by wearing hair that is musty and mildewed? Such a disease is very common, I am told."

"I was proceeding farther with my enlightenment of this simple nephew of mine, when, happening to look at him, I saw an incredulous smile upon his face, as though he did not believe what I was saying, and thought me very foolish in attempting to convince him of the same. When was an elder ever able to advise or instruct a youth of eighteen? Instead of being grateful for the information, he was actually laughing at what he considered my unnecessary anxiety on his behalf, and looking down the street to catch one more glimpse of one of those detestable 'chignons,' the owner of which had nodded and smiled in passing."

"Yours rather despondingly,

"UNCLE GRUMBLER."

#### A WORD ABOUT BATHING DRESSES.

The bathing season has now arrived, and to those of our number who will visit the seaside for summer recreation and enjoyment, a few words may not be amiss upon the subject of bathing dresses. I think nothing can be uglier than the water costumes one often sees at the shore, and it is not until within a year or two that ladies have commenced to consult grace and effect in the construction of these suits, any garment or garments

being made to do which should simply conceal the person of the wearer. What a queer outfit one gets who is dependent upon those who loan garments at the shore.

We dropped down at Cape May last summer and spent a day or two, enjoying the sea-bathing of that famous locality. As the trip was unexpected and somewhat hurried, we took no bathing dresses with us, but trusted to our luck to hire them at the shore. The best thing I could secure was a long, scanty, blue flannel gown, into which I could only squeeze myself with the greatest difficulty. When at length I was fairly inside, and had belted it down with a shoe-string in place of the original girdle, which was missing, I stepped out upon the beach to await the coming of my liege lord. Presently a strange-looking being, something between a Sandwich Islander and a circus clown, approached and touched me on the shoulder. I was about to resent this familiarity, when the queer object spoke my name, and I found it was my own husband, robed in a full suit of striped bedticking. We enjoyed a hearty laugh, each at the other's expense, but soon forgot our appearance in the luxury of the surf; and as we came out, all dripping, remarked that the water was indeed a great leveller—in this plight we were as good-looking as most of our fellow-bathers.

The best bathing dress, for convenience as well as looks, is cut similar to the Dio Lewis gymnasium suit, consisting of loose Garibaldi waist, with short tunic or skirt fastening at the left side. This is worn over full trousers, gathered in at the ankle. The whole suit should be of the same material. Flannel or serge are most commonly in use. These, when soaked with water, become very heavy, and also cling to the form. We have lately seen recommended brown holland, which, it is said, possesses neither of these disadvantages. For trimming, either white or scarlet braid should be used. Other colors change at once when put into water. It may be put on in various ways, to suit the taste of the wearer. Short sleeves are preferable to long ones, as they give freer use of the arms for swimming, or in case of danger.

I hope these hints may be found useful to some of the pleasure-seeking members of the Home Circle.

HELEN A——.

#### THE WHAT NOT.

The Rev. Henry Morgan recently lectured in Boston. Among other things, he is reported to have said:—

"Nature, history and revelation declare, 'It is not good that man should be alone.' He needs a helpmate—a wife is the balance-wheel, the regulator, the guardian angel of a husband's trust, confidence and prosperity. Politically, socially, morally and spiritually, man requires a wife. Man needs a home. The Romans gave bachelors no legacies; Corinth denied them sepulture. Athe-

nians scourged them. In Plato's commonwealth, at the age of thirty-five they were fined. Man is but half a man without a wife. In all your gettings, get a wife, and never rest from getting till you get married. Better live in the attic, under the hallowed influence of a wife, than revel in a palace of dissipation. Man needs a home; marriage is the legitimate basis of a genuine home. Look at the deplorable condition of the young men of this city without homes. Boarding-houses have no elevating society of women, no home influences, no place of mental or moral improvement, no altar of prayer, no angel of love. In Philadelphia there are more homes in proportion to its population than in Boston; hence Boston has an unequal contest in the battle of morals."

#### THE VERY LATEST.

A contemporary says that small neat gutta percha ears are now generally worn by ladies whose own ears are coarse and excessive, the natural ears being easily concealed under the heavy masses of false hair now so fashionable. This is but another step in the wild race which the female sex is running in pursuit of what Lord Lytton would style "the deceptive." It will soon be necessary—indeed it is now necessary—that a man taking a woman to wife should obtain a surgical certificate as to the genuineness of her charms. What must be the feelings of the bridegroom who discovers that he is mated with a partner who wears a false eye, false hair, false ears, false teeth, and false bosoms, and whose complexion has been made beautiful forever by Arabian enamel and Circassian cosmetics.

#### FRENCHWOMEN.

There are some sensible things about the Frenchwomen. A letter writer from Paris says of their fashions:—"Short dresses are very prevalent; but the bonnets are not so much of the 'plate' and 'dish' orders of architecture as among ourselves. We have seen very few Frenchwomen without some kind of crinoline, and none at all who, in walking, allow their dresses to drag along through the mud and dust. The Frenchwomen care too much for their appearance to endure the stains and soiling of which too many Englishwomen show themselves desirous. In Paris, a trailing dress, like any other eccentricity, is accounted the sign of an Englishwoman, and is permitted her on account of her incomprehensible English peculiarities.

#### CURIOUS NOTIONS CONCERNING THE TURQUOISE.

A recent writer on the subject of gems tells us that "Many persons believe the turquoise indicates the wearer's state of health, and the fact that turquoises do vary their color in the most unaccountable manner may have something to do with this old superstition. The Orientals thought

it lucky, and that it would bring health and fortune to the wearer."

The same writer supplies us with the following story, for the truth of which we cannot vouch, but which is none the less amusing:—"One of my relatives," says somebody, "possessed a turquoise set in a gold ring, which he used to wear on his finger as a superior ornament. It happened that the owner of the ring was seized with a malady of which he died. During the whole period in which the wearer enjoyed his full health, the turquoise was distinguished for unparalleled beauty and clearness, but scarcely was he dead, when the stone lost its lustre, and assumed a faded, withered appearance, as if mourning for its master. This sudden change in the nature of the stone made me lose the desire I originally entertained of purchasing it, which I might have done for a trifling sum; and so the turquoise passed into other hands. However, no sooner did it obtain a new owner than it regained its former exquisite freshness, and lost all traces of its temporary defects. I felt greatly vexed that I had lost the chance of procuring such a valuable and sensitive gem."

Here are a few old hints in rhyme for our superstitious friends who take pains to look at the new moon over the right shoulder and indulge in other precautionary charms against evil.

"Cut your nails on Monday, cut them for news;  
Cut them on Tuesday, a new pair of shoes;  
Cut them on Wednesday, cut them for health;  
Cut them on Thursday, cut them for wealth;  
Cut them on Friday, cut them for woe;  
Cut them on Saturday, a journey you'll go;  
Cut them on Sunday, you'll cut them for evil,  
For all the next week you'll be ruled by the devil."

"Sneeze on a Monday, you sneeze for danger;  
Sneeze on a Tuesday, you kiss a stranger;  
Sneeze on a Wednesday, you sneeze for a letter;  
Sneeze on a Thursday, for something better;  
Sneeze on a Friday, you sneeze for sorrow;  
Sneeze on a Saturday, your sweetheart to-morrow;  
Sneeze on a Sunday, your safety seek,  
The devil will have you the whole of the week."

Mrs. Partington says the only way to prevent steamboat explosions is to make engineers boil the water on shore. In her opinion, all the bustin' is done by cooking the steam on board.

To relieve the oppressed is the most glorious act a man is capable of; it is, in some measure, doing the business of God and Providence.

An old lady lately refused to let her niece dance with a young graduate, because she heard that he was a bachelor of arts, whereby she understood him to be an artful bachelor.



At a recent railroad celebration, the following sentiment was given:—"Our mothers—the only faithful tenders who never misplaced a switch."

## ENIGMAS, CHARADES, &amp;c.

## I.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two years ago an eagle spread  
Was on the map of Europe lying;  
With wing cut off and minus head,  
There seemed but little chance of flying.  
The bird scarce seemed to be alive,  
Yet what you see it made itself.  
Last year a head it did contrive,  
And made its neighbor pay the pelf,  
Then stripped some princes and a king,  
And with their robes and a new needle,  
Soon sewed on the other wing,  
And now aspires to play first fiddle.  
Tell me the name of this strange bird,  
And by what spirit it is stirred.

1. A line that's often used by careful sailors.
2. Teacher of those who undersell the tailors.
3. A poisonous tree, whose milky juice soon thickens.
4. A clever servant, pet and pride of Dickens.

5. A name unsuitable to *silly* ladies.
6. Writer of stories like *Schaherezade's*.
7. A spirit much too common where it made is.

## II.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A mountain chief, both bold and brave  
Who many a poor man's life did save.  
My first describes his occupation,  
My next the color of his nation.

1. To human life I'm oft compared,  
This difference does us sever,  
That men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.
2. Of the far West a town I am,  
But I am better known  
As something which is used for food,  
And by the Yankees grown.
3. I float upon the ocean wave,  
And many a noble ship I save,  
I show where sunken rocks are found,  
And warn them off the shallow ground.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ENIGMAS, &c., IN JUNE NUMBER.—1. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; 2. Henry Ward Beecher; 3. Make money at the expense of our reputation.

## HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

**SALLY LUNNS.**—A pint of cream, lukewarm, a piece of butter, a little salt, a teacupful of yeast, a pound and a half of flour; mix them together, and let it stand three-quarters of an hour; bake them an hour.

**BAKED APPLE PUDDING.**—This, when carefully made and well baked, is a very nice, wholesome pudding, the crust being remarkably light and crisp, though containing no butter. First, weigh six ounces of the crumb of a light, stale loaf, and grate it down small; then add and mix thoroughly with it, three ounces and a half of pounded sugar, and a very slight pinch of salt. Next, take from a pound to a pound and a quarter of russetings, or any other good baking apples; pare and take off the core in quarters, without dividing the fruit; arrange them in compact layers in a deep tart dish, which holds about a pound and a half, and strew amongst them four ounces of sugar and the grated rind of a fine fresh lemon; add the strained juice of the lemon, and pour the bread crumbs gently in the centre, then with a spoon spread them into a layer of equal thickness over the apples, making it very smooth. Sift powdered sugar over, wipe the edge of the dish, and send the pudding to a rather brisk oven for something more than three-quarters of an hour.

Very pale brown sugar will answer for it almost as well as pounded; and the writer has had it very successfully baked several times in a baker's oven, of which the heat in general is too fierce for the more delicate kinds of pudding. For the nursery some crumbs of bread may be strewed between the layers of apples, and when cinnamon is much liked, a large teaspoonful may be used instead of lemon rind to flavor them. An ounce or more of ratafia, crushed to powder, may be added to the crust, or sifted over the pudding just before it is served, when they are considered an improvement.

**BABY'S PUDDING.**—Butter slightly a large cup without a handle, or a very small basin, and break lightly into it a penny sponge-cake; pour over it one well-whisked full-sized egg, mixed with a quarter of a pint of milk; let it stand half an hour, and boil it gently, or steam it for eighteen minutes. Lay writing-paper over it, and then a thin, well-floured cloth before it is put into the saucepan. The safer plan is to set it into about an inch and a half depth of boiling water, and to keep the cover closely shut while it is steaming in it, taking care that neither the cloth nor the paper over it shall touch the water. The pudding should not be turned out of the basin for five minutes after it is taken up. Miss Acron.

**PICKLED EGGS.**—The eggs should be boiled hard (say ten minutes), and then divested of their shells; when quite cold, put them in jars, and pour over them vinegar (sufficient to quite cover them) in which has been previously boiled the usual spices for pickling. Tie the jars down tight with bladder, and keep them till they begin to change their color.

**FISH PUDDING.**—Any white fish, raw or cooked, will do. That little used fish, the skate, is very palatable in this way: Butter a tin baking dish, cut the fish in small pieces, place a layer of bread crumbs at the bottom of the dish, then one of fish; season with pepper and salt, and fill the dish with alternate layers of bread crumbs and fish. A few shrimps or oysters, or a spoonful of anchovy sauce, will greatly improve the flavor.

**CLEANING LACQUERED ORNAMENTS.**—A small lump of whiting, half a wineglass of spirits of wine, one tablespoonful of turpentine, and a small piece of soft soap; mix all together to the consistence of thick cream, lay on with a brush, and when quite dry wash it off with warm water and soap.

**BUNIONS.**—I think "A Sufferer" will find the following a capital and safe ointment for bunions: Iodine, twelve grains, and lard or spermaceti ointment, half an ounce. This should be rubbed on gently twice or thrice a day. They may be checked in their early development by binding the joint with adhesive plaster, to be kept on as long as any

uneasiness be felt. The bandaging should be firm and perfect.

**RECIPE FOR MAKING HOT CROSS BUNNS.**—One quart of milk, twelve ounces of butter, half ounce mixed spice, two eggs, two ounces of yeast, four pounds of flour. Make the milk slightly warm, put it into a pan with one half of the sugar, six ounces of the flour, the yeast, and eggs. Mix the whole together, cover the pan and put it into a warm place. When this ferment has risen with a high frothy head, and again fallen and become nearly flat, it is then ready for the remaining portion of the ingredients to be mixed with it. The butter should be previously rubbed in with the flour between the hands in crumbs. Mix the whole together into a nice mellow dough. If the flour is not the best, some more may be required to make the dough of the proper consistence. Cover the pan and let it remain in a warm place for half an hour. Make it into buns by moulding the dough lightly into small buns, half prove them, and then cross them. Brush the tops over with milk, finish proving them, and bake in a hot oven. When they are done, brush the tops over again with milk. The best way for amateurs to adopt for proving their buns is to put the tins on shelves in a warm toasting screen before the fire, place a pan with hot water at the bottom, put a heated iron or brick into the water occasionally, to cause a steam to ascend, which will keep the surface of the buns moist, when they will expand to their full size.

## TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE.

### FASHIONS.

The short dress has been very fashionable in Paris during the past winter for evening as well as out-door wear. But we learn now that for dress occasions it has "undoubtedly lost favor in the eyes of the leaders of fashion. A short dress for a smart occasion is nowhere to be seen, but for travelling, *neglige*, and the seaside, it is still in vogue; in fact, it is too comfortable to be rejected altogether.

"A very elegant style of combining a long with a short skirt is the following: Imagine, for example, a black *gros grain* dress cut in the *princesse* form, with short skirt scalloped out at the edge and bordered with a cross-cut band of blue satin studded with jet buttons, and below the band a fluted founce likewise blue. Wear this over a plain blue cashmere petticoat, and you have a simple *neglige* toilette; but wear it over a long-trained petticoat, either striped black and blue or plain blue, and a dressy toilette will be the result.

A dress with a trained petticoat is simply now-a-days a dress with two skirts; but the fulness of the lower skirt adds much to the effective grace of the toilette. To make the train flow satisfactorily,

it is necessary that the skirt should be perfectly plain in front, and gathered at the back. Small gathers are now occasionally to be seen on the hips, and these gathers are sewn very close together at the back. Small gores are inserted into the lower part of the skirt to widen it.

"The fashionable out-door coverings are as a rule short, loose jackets, made of either silk or cashmere, richly ornamented with jet beads, bugles, fringes, and at the back they are further decorated with the inevitable reins or *guides*. These reins terminate with tassels.

"In the way of jewelry we are told that floral ornaments have become very popular for evening wear among young ladies, and the prettiest and lightest of brooches, ear-rings, &c., are made with artificial roses, pansies, and lilies of the valley, all on *Liliputian* scale.

"It is some little time now since feather-trimming came into vogue, and the fashion has been very popular. Little round hats trimmed with feathers, jackets, *peplums*, any dresses ornamented in the same manner have been very familiar to our eyes of late, and now the fashionable parasols and bonnets are decorated after the same fashion."

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

**THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS.** His Fortunes and Misfortunes. His Friends and his greatest Enemies. By Wm. Makepeace Thackeray. With illustrations. New York: M. Doolady.

This is the first volume of a diamond edition of Thackeray's works, uniform in style and appearance with the "Diamond" Dickens, now in course of publication by Ticknor & Fields. The binding is in green and gold, and the book neat and attractive. Received from G. W. Pitcher, No. 808 Chestnut street, who will supply the volumes as fast as they appear.

**A NEW SERIES OF TEMPERANCE STORIES FOR CHILDREN.** By T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia: T. S. Arthur & Son.

There are eight stories in this series, each with an illustration. Each story is in a separate little paper book, and the eight books are put up in a neat packet. They are handsomely printed and attractive in appearance; and cheap, in order to give them a wide circulation. Price per packet of eight books, 30 cents, sent by mail to any address.

**SOME SUGGESTIONS CONCERNING THE NATURE AND TREATMENT OF DECAY OF THE TEETH.** By Robert Arthur, M. D., D.D.S. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

A little book of seventy pages, containing sug-

gestions to both dentists and parents, which, if carefully followed, would arrest decay in the teeth, and make dental operations preventive and almost painless. The author states his views in a clear and forcible manner, and shows that if a child, on the appearance of the first permanent teeth, be placed under the care of an intelligent and careful dentist, decay may always be arrested, while yet of the most superficial character, and the teeth preserved; and this without subjecting the child to any pain.

**THE FORLORN HOPE.** By Edmund Yates, author of "Broken to Harness," "Black Sheep," &c., &c. Boston: Loring.

The London *Athenaeum* says:—"Though the 'Forlorn Hope' will not be so widely popular as 'Broken to Harness,' we have no hesitation in recording our opinion, that the last of Mr. Edmund Yates' works of fiction contains more good work, and gives higher promise of future achievements than any of his other novels; and when we speak thus of a story that is painful throughout, readers may rest assured that its excessive mournfulness is atoned for by excellencies of no common kind.

## EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

### TALKS AT ROCKLEDGE.

"What a day this has been!" said Grace, speaking the universal sentiment, as she sank into a great cushioned arm-chair, and rested her feet on a bit of ottoman, making a picture at the moment that I could not help admiring, tired as I was.

The truth is, we were utterly fagged out, with the exception of Dr. Ben, who, I have no doubt, was at that moment equal to a ten miles walk. What stuff that man's muscles were made of, is to this day a mystery to me; but whenever I told him so, he always laughed, and said—"It's all in the training, Kitty; all in the training. It took many a foot-sore tramp through Spain and a good part of Germany and Italy, to say nothing of the Pyrenees and Alps, to toughen me. Muscles, as well as morals, want a good long seasoning before you can rely on them for steady service." That night I had taken myself to a corner of the lounge—a compromise between sitting and lying, being the utmost of which I was capable.

Yet the weariness was of that delicious sort which comes only of a day spent out-doors; which,

while it penetrates every fibre, sends each separate drop of blood tingling in a new, joyous race through your veins, quiets your nerves, makes your brain clear and your thought swift; that wholesome, hearty fatigue which is a prophecy of sleep close at hand, sound and sweet, dreamless and soft as dew.

We had been out since breakfast, down by the beach and climbing among the ledge of rocks. We had walked miles, gathering trophies of ferns and mosses, of shells and sea-weed. We had made our dinner in a little Arcadian fringe of woods, sunny and cool, and shadowy enough to be haunted forever by nymphs, and fauns, and naiads, and to carry us back into the golden age, and into all the wild, sweet, poetic charm of the legends that peopled the ancient hills and trees.

Just a hint of winds among the leaves overhead and farther off a sound of waves—the tide coming in, a vast delight stirring all the pulses of the great heart of the sea.

It was a June day, too; less than a week beyond the storm when we sat around the fire; a perfect day—no fairer one ever smiling out of Heaven

upon earth. Not a film of cloud from east to west, only that lavish golden light poured down over everything, and giving to all it touched something of its own bounty and glory. Our moods had swept their whole octave that day. We had been grave and gay, silent and merry; but thoroughly happy—a day of perfect enjoyment.

I answered Grace's remark—"Yes; such a day as this makes one in love with the world; puts one's whole being in harmony with it. Ah, Dr. Ben, you're a wise man and a good one; tell us why all days cannot be like this one?" I had to raise my voice a little, for he was pacing the veranda back and forth, drinking in the clear elixir of that June night air, and drinking in something better besides.

He stepped through the open window—"My little Kitty, that is a hard question; always starting up on us, too, from the cradle to the grave, in one shape or another; the knottiest question of all those that puzzled the brains of the old philosophers, no matter to what school they belonged; I know of but one word that answers it, and that is one better lived than spoken."

"But what is its name?"

"Its name, Kitty, is Faith!"

Grace spoke here, after a pause. "That's a dreadful hard word to live, only I think it's harder to live without it."

"Yes," said Dr. Ben, "one is sure to find that out sooner or later. Your question that called me in, Kitty, was not out of the line of my thought. I was pondering at the moment, how many clouds and storms, how many fierce winds and long rains, how many frosts and snows had gone to ripen this matchless June day, and that without all those we could not have had the other; and so with all our pleasant days; they will come in every year, gladdening and blessing the earth; but they will come only through storm, and cold, and darkness; all these must be wrought into their golden texture; and the most one can say is, 'It is God's way of doing His work in this world;' a mysterious way, certainly, but *His*."

"And He is sure to make it right at last, and we shall all see and know that it is the best way," said Grace, in a low voice.

"Yes; otherwise we should think the experiment of this world a grand failure, and the sooner its Creator finished it up the better."

"Do you really mean all that, Dr. Ben?"

"In my soul, Kitty. So did Paul, I think, when he said, 'Else we are of all men the most miserable.' If I did not mean all that, I would not be alive twenty-four hours longer. The living would not pay."

"And yet, Dr. Ben, you are one of the cheerfulness men alive. Take it all in all, as you say, I know of no man who seems to enjoy life with such a hearty zest as you do."

"I do, Grace; but take God out of the world,

and what have you left to make a man glad, or cheerful, or merry? Why, there's a terrible side to life—the side of its sin and suffering. Think for one moment of all the wrong and grief, of all the struggle, and defeat and pain that are going on under these June stars to-night in the souls and lives of men and women. Why, it's enough to drive one mad, if one didn't remember always that the eyes are wakeful and the love immortal above all this. I repeat it, girls, and don't stare at me either, as though I was a Gorgon. I don't see how any man of any deep thought or sympathies could reflect upon the wretchedness there is in the world, and not to take account of God without just going mad and making way with himself."

"It's a great pity," said Grace, "that all good folks are not glad ones. For my part, I think they are the only people who have a legitimate right to any fun in the world; but some of the best, most conscientious, self-denying people whom I know, really seem to feel that it is their solemn duty to carry a grave face, and take a real hearty laugh almost under protest."

"A miserable mistake. One of the old superstitious notions we brought over with all the salt of the Mayflower, and we of New England haven't got the taint of the tradition out of our bones and blood yet. But we have grown a great deal on the side of cheerfulness; and there is amongst us a tendency to a sort of riotous, reckless, devil-may-care 'Young America' fun, that is like 'the crackling of thorns under a pot,' as far removed as the antipodes from the cheerful, playful spirit, the genuine love of humor, the looking on the bright side of things which sweetens and gladdens life, and sheds a warmth and sparkle over its daily commonplaces and cares."

"But the saddest suggestion in all this is, to me," I said, "the thought of the little children. Just think what a terrible thing it is to be brought up in the atmosphere of a gloomy home. How many a childhood is darkened and despoiled of its birthright there. It is too bad. The old associations and the old ideas cling to one with such vitality, and it is so hard to unlearn what we have been taught in our youth."

"No doubt of it. I have toughened myself to a good degree of invulnerability to outside impressions; but I know homes in my practice with such a graveyard atmosphere, that I wonder how the small lives there ever manage to assimilate it, make root, or leaf, or blossom. The gloom is like a nightmare, or a drizzle of rain. It doesn't make so much difference for the grown folks—they ought to know better; but for the children—there's the rub!"

"And then, Dr. Ben, people don't know what's in themselves; they just let their faculties go to rust, and when they do attempt any playfulness, they're about as clumsy at it as an elephant dancing a tight-rope. Such attempts as I have listened to in that vein—weak, and silly, and absurd—oh,



dear! I have a sense of the old mental nausea now!"

"If people won't think, and feel, and live," said the doctor, "one thing is certain, they can't talk. If the fountain-spring fails, the water-courses must be dry. I have often listened to the talk of men and women in society, and found it so silly, gossipy, rapid; so unworthy human souls, that I have thought a parrot's would really be more entertaining, certainly more harmless; and I have felt almost like indorsing Carlyle's savage—'If we could only have a generation of men and women without tongues!'"

"For my part," I said, "I wish every man and woman was compelled to read Trench on words. He makes one feel that this speech of ours that we use as we do our breath, is an awful power. What a life pulse beats in every word! What a history dwells in the birth and living of each one! Jewels they are, exhumed from the soil, it may be, of ages, having their roots in that old Phœnician dialect to which they say all the languages of the world may be traced, or coming down to us from classic Greece, or ancient Rome, or the savage Celt, or from some of those old Tuetonic races, whose mingled life-blood flows in our veins to-day. Then gathered up into sentences, what dazzle and radiance of color; what delicate bloom, what power, majesty, fervor, life, are in these words that we slip back and forth so carelessly among each other. It is the old story of the savages playing with diamonds, and exchanging them for bits of painted glass."

"Rightly and bravely spoken, my little Kitty," said the doctor. "These words that come down to us on the long tide of the ages, are the choicest bequest of time. Sculpture will crumble and colors will fade, but time cannot gnaw into the life of words, nor its breath dim them. They are immortal. Homer and Virgil, Socrates and Plato, wrought and painted with chisel and vermilion that dazzle and delight us now as in their first freshness; their marbles never grow yellow, their canvas never perishes; why, Grace, what are you smiling at now?"

"Was I doing so, Doctor? I remember I was thinking that all this was very fine, and true as fact; but you've gone a long ways from the topic on which we started."

"What was that?"

"Cheerfulness, I believe."

"Oh, yes. Well, girls, to carry out my theory into practice, which is always the test of any theory's worth, I'm ready to go out on the veranda and dance an old-fashioned jig with either of you."

This offer we both declined.

"You look sleepy, girls. Read us some fragment, and then both of you go up stairs to bed. I have found it good to lie down with the flavor of some strong, true words of another in my thought."

Grace took up a magazine from the table, and

read—"Take your needle, my child, and work at your pattern. It will come out a rose by-and-by. Life is like that; one stitch at a time, taken patiently, and the pattern will come out all right, like the embroidery."

I rose up. "Oh, Grace, that is good; a thought to sink down into a whole day and perfume every hour with its sweetness. Now, Doctor, Grace has read; can't you say something good?"

"Nothing, unless it be a few thoughts I distilled from some passages in my history reading this morning. I think the thoughts helped to make all the rest of the day pleasanter. Comparing the past, of which I read—a past only a couple of centuries away—with the present, I felt how much better off we are than our ancestors, how mankind has grown in all directions, in wisdom, in self-government, in all humanities, in virtue, in happiness."

#### A THROUGH TICKET TO HEAVEN.

Mr. Beecher is apt to say pertinent and pointed things. Here is one of them:

"Many men seem to think that religion consists of buying a ticket at the little ticket-office of conversion. They conclude that they will make the voyage to Heaven. They understand that a man must be convicted and converted, and join the church; and when they have done that, they think they have a ticket, which, under ordinary circumstances, will carry them through. Their salvation is not altogether sure. A man may be cast away upon a voyage. But still they say—'I have got my ticket, and if no accident occurs, it will carry me to my destination safely; and all I have to do is to have patience and faith.' And they are like a man that is riding on the cars, who, every time the conductor comes around, shows his ticket. They say—'I was awakened, I saw that I was a sinner, and I trusted my soul in the hands of Christ.' Yes, you trusted it there, and there you have left it ever since you thought you were converted. Are there not hundreds and thousands who are living just in this way? Instead of feeling that conversion is the introduction of a man into a state of apprenticeship and journey-work on the temple of the soul, that he is to build on right foundations, and carry up to its completion with its various apartments; instead of feeling that they have entered upon a work which will task their perseverance and patience, they say, 'I have a hope'—as a sleepy traveller, when the conductor comes along, and wakes him, and says, 'What are you doing here?' replies, 'I have a ticket, sir.' And when sermons are preached to them that should excite in them alarm as to their own condition, they say, 'That was a good sermon, but I have a hope; as much as to say, 'Sermons do not apply to me, for I have a ticket through.'"

See second page of cover for advertisement of a new series of "Temperance Stories for Children," by T. S. Arthur, just published.

**OUR SEWING-MACHINE PREMIUM.**

For information about our Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine premium, see previous numbers of HOME MAGAZINE. Many of those who made up clubs at club prices, have expressed a desire to get machines. We have advantageous terms for these, also, which will be communicated on inquiry by letter.

**THOUGHTS BY HORACE MANN.**

"A teacher who is attempting to teach, without inspiring the pupil with a desire to learn, is hammering on cold iron."

"What a perversion it is that a nice young gentleman should be ashamed of appearing in the street without a fashionable dress, but should not be ashamed of cheating the tailor to get one."

"The 'lower orders' are those who do nothing for the good of mankind."

Messrs. A. Williams & Co., Boston, have in press, "Chemistry of the Farm and the Sea." By Dr. Jas. R. Nichols, Editor of the *Boston Journal of Chemistry and Pharmacy*. These popular Essays, under the titles of "Chemistry of the Farm," "Chemistry of a Kernel of Corn," "Chemistry of a Bowl of Milk," "Food and Health," "The Chemistry of the Dwelling," "Chemistry of the Sun," "Chemistry of the Sea," &c., originally appeared in the *Boston Journal of Chemistry and Pharmacy*, where they have been read by thousands. Some new subjects have been added, and the whole carefully revised. The volume will prove a valuable addition to agricultural literature.

**COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISE.**

Among the many things for which New York merchants are famous, is the magnitude of their enterprises, and the far-reaching character of their ventures. The operations of the present day throw those of a few years back quite into the shade, and often equal those of a similar kind in the commercial marts of the Old World. The recent large purchases of Tea by THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY have taken the trade by surprise, and are rather a novelty in this market. The taking up of two cargoes within a week, comprising 12,331 packages Black, and 22,949 do Japan, for immediate consumption, at a cost of about a million and a half of dollars, indicates the extensive nature of the Company's business, and deserves a passing notice at our hands. The consumption of Tea in this country is largely on the increase.—*Shipping and Commercial List, N. Y.*

THE MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGAN stands unrivalled among all competitors, both for power and sweetness of tone. It takes the lead of all others, and notwithstanding the constant increase of means for their manufacture, there is no accumulation of instruments. Several hundred workmen, with a wonderful variety of machinery, occupying several buildings, are the evidences of the appreciation given to the Cabinet Organ.—*The (Cincinnati) Presbyter.*

**TO LADIES AND JEWELLERS.****M. CAMPBELL'S SELF-INSTRUCTOR IN THE ART OF HAIR-WORK.**

The only book of the kind ever published. A new, large and elegantly bound work, containing over one thousand drawings, devices and diagrams of the different styles of hair braiding, switches, curls, puffs, waterfalls, chignons, frizzettes, &c., together with elaborate patterns of hair jewelry, such as chains, bracelets, pins, necklaces, armlets, charms, &c. Its elegant plates enable ladies to dress hair in the latest Parisian or American styles without the services of a Hair Dresser. The designs and instructions embodied in this work, give a knowledge of Hair-work heretofore kept a profound secret by professionals in the art, and are so simple that purchasers can easily make any ornamental article desired, from human hair. Jewellers having a copy can manufacture any article above mentioned, and thus add a profitable branch to their business.

Ladies desirous of a lucrative and pleasant employment, can by the purchase secure, both.

On receipt of price (\$5.00) by mail, a copy will be sent free of expense, to any address.

Address, M. CAMPBELL, 737 Broadway, New York, or 81 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill. Importer and Manufacturer of Hair Goods.

**ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for 1867.**

The various Departments of the HOME MAGAZINE will be kept up with the same spirit and variety that have made them so pleasant and acceptable to the reader; and in all things it will maintain its high standard of excellence.

**YEARLY TERMS, IN ADVANCE.**

1 copy.....	\$2.50
3 copies.....	6.00
5 copies, and one to getter-up of club....	10.00
9 copies " " " "	15.00
14 copies " " " "	21.00

It is not required that all the members of a club should be at the same Post-office.

For \$4.50 we send one copy each of Home Magazine and Lady's Book.

For \$3.00 we send one copy each of Home Magazine and Children's Hour.

For \$3.50 we will send one copy each of Children's Hour and Lady's Book.

Address T. S. ARTHUR & CO.

809 & 811 CHESTNUT ST. PHILADA.

**THE CHILDREN'S HOUR:**

A Monthly Magazine for the Little Ones.

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"THE CHILDREN'S HOUR" will be as beautiful in appearance as the best typography and the best artists in the country can make it. Its pages will be filled with articles from our most talented writers for children; writers who, while they possess the rare power of interesting young minds intensely, never stain a sentence with a grovelling or profane idea, but always lift the thought into things pure and noble.

**TERMS.**

One year, in advance.....	\$1.25
Five copies ".....	5.00
Ten copies "..... and an extra copy to the person sending the club.....	10.00

For \$3 we will send one copy of the Home Magazine and one copy of The Children's Hour.

For \$3.50 we will send Lady's Book and Children's Hour.

Specimen number, 10 cents.

Address T. S. ARTHUR & SON.

809 & 811 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADA.

RS.  
CTOR  
RK.

A new,  
g over one  
different  
waterfalls,  
patterns  
necklaces,  
e ladies to  
styles with-  
signs and  
knowledge  
secret by  
that pur-  
article de-  
copy can  
and thus  
at employ-

will be sent

New York  
and Manu-

or 1867.

E Maga-  
t and va-  
d accept-  
will main-

CE.

\$2.50

6.00

10.00

15.00

21.00

umbers of

ne Maga-

ne Maga-

Children's

CO.

PHILADA.

le Ones.

beautiful

and the

Its pages

talented

they per-

selling or

right info

\$1.25

6.00

to

10.00

the Home

's Hour

children's

SOX.

PHILADA.



SLEEVELESS JACKET.

Fitting close to the figure, trimmed with narrow lace with heading of velvet or galloon.



No. 1.—THE DAISY DRESS.



No. 2.—THE SIRENE DRESS.

No. 1.—A pretty street suit for a girl about ten or twelve years old. A gray mohair or alpaca is suitable. Upright bands of green or blue silk, or fine worsted braid attached at the top with an aigrette, form the trimming illustrated. A silk tassel is suspended in the dente. The sleeves of the loose sacque have a graceful flow, and are notched and ornamented like the skirt. A handsome white fluted petticoat may serve for the under-skirt.

No. 2.—Very dainty and charming for a little one from six to eight years of age. The under-skirt may be of pearl-colored poplin or taffetas, and the over-dress of purple to correspond. The notches are outlined with silk binding, and a loop of ribbon is confined with a buckle or aigrette in each space. Similar loops are set about the belt. The under dress is bound with purple, and the pockets are of pearl-color. The waist should be of fine cambric.



#### BONNETS.

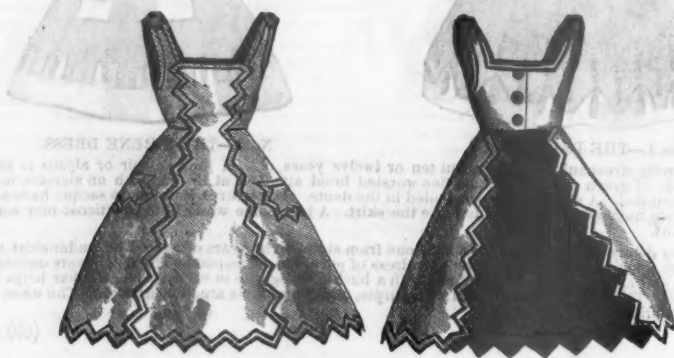
No. 1.—A Fanchon of blue crape. The material is laid plain upon the frame, which has three points at the back. These are fringed with pearl pendants. A braid of pearls extends across the front. The ties are formed by a graceful scarf of illusion sprinkled with pearls, and fastened in the centre of the bonnet with a pearl flower.

No. 2.—Black illusion fulled upon an illusion frame. A loose, irregular braid of straw defines the tip and three points at the back. A scarf of black illusion, dotted upon the hem with straw, is laid lightly across the top, and falls upon each side. A cluster of crimson geraniums upon the right. Narrow ribbon ties beneath the chignon, and a fall of straw-acorn fringe over the black bandeau.

No. 3.—White tulle Fanchon showered with pearls. The plaiting upon the front is of pea-green crape, each plait marked with pearls. This broadens into strings, which are simply crossed under the chin and pinned with a pearl ornament. A spray of pearls at the side over the ear, and a fringe of rich pendants.

No. 4.—A Marie Stuart of fancy white straw, encircled with a ruching of blue crape, divided by a straw cord. A cluster of blue violets over the forehead and ear. Ribbon ties.

No. 5.—Round hat of straw, Havana brown, curled brim, ornamented with straps of velvet of the same beautiful color diverging from the centre. In front a rosette of brown daisies and spray feather.



#### LITTLE GIRL'S GORED APRON.

BACK AND FRONT VIEWS.

The front breadth of this apron is gored, and trimmed down each side in points, with narrow braid of two colors. It is also cut out in points, and the trimming repeated round the bottom and up the sides, which do not extend to the back of the low, square body, which is supported by shoulder straps, but is without sleeves.





**DRESS PEPLUM BASQUE.**

BACK AND FRONT VIEWS.

A very dressy Basque in silk or satin, trimmed with lace and pearl or amber beads. Upon the hips it is cut out in two short points, and also ornamented with lace rosettes. It is finished with a trimmed belt, fastened with a rosette.

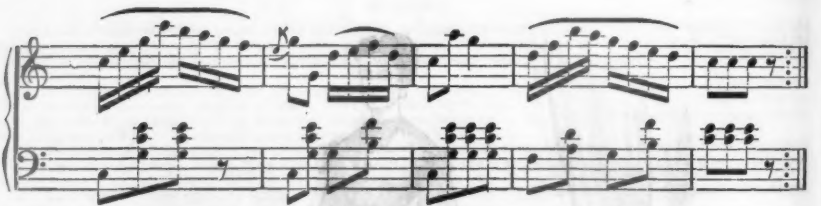
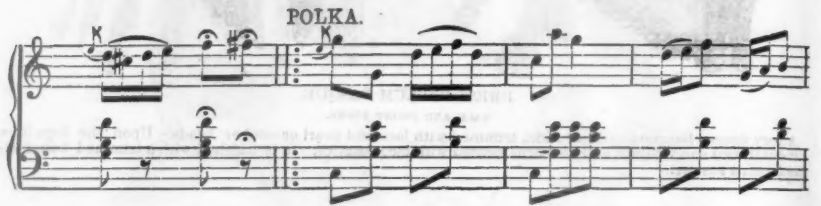


**THE LISBON DRESS.**

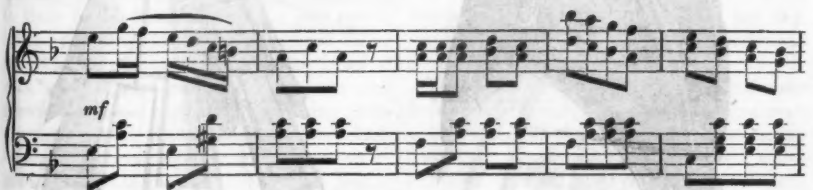
May be made of lustrous alpaca or taffetas. Trimmed with fine braid silk or velvet.

# "ALL RIGHT POLKA."

COMPOSED BY E. MACK.



[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1867, by LEE & WALKER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]





No. 1.—TARSOHA SLEEVE.



No. 2.—TULIP SLEEVE.

No. 1.—Intended for thick summer fabrics, shaped to the arm, and decorated with bands of silk of a darker shade of color, and small jet buttons, just large enough at the hand to show a cuff or ruffle of lace.

No. 2.—A graceful flowing shape, the bottom being cut into sashes, and trimmed with gimp and fringe. A bow of ribbon is clasped with an *algrette* between the sashes. Grenadines may be made up in this style.



No. 1.—ELMO SACQUE.



No. 2.—THE TULIP PEPLUM.

No. 1.—A shape adapted to *gros d'Afrique* on materials for suits. The flowing sleeve is convenient and dressy. It is trimmed with quillings of lace and buttons. Silk quillings or wide *passementerie* would be an equally suitable decoration.

No. 2.—Corresponds in effect with the Tulip Sleeve. It is trimmed in the same mode, and forms a *tartan* finish to the skirt of grenadines or bareges.